



The Grail

JULY, 1931

What I Saw at Konnersreuth

REV. WM. SCHAEFERS, M. L.

Barber who won Fame for Surgery

FRANCIS DICKIE

Emily Bannister's Love Story

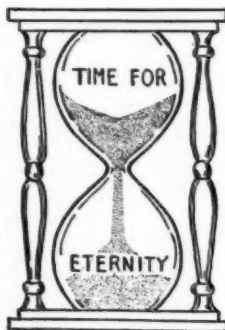
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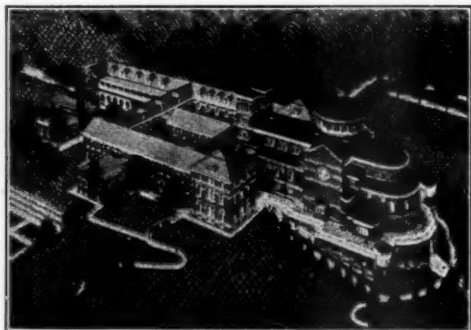
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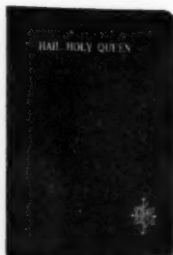
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ST. MEINRAD, IND.

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 13

JULY, 1931

NUMBER 3

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Saint Benedict's Creation

Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

And the stars have given light in their watches and rejoiced:
they were called and they said: "Here we are!" And with cheer-
fulness they have shined forth to Him that made them.—Baruch
3:34,35.



ERE the stars of the heavens were set in the blue
To sweep their vast courses in ordinance due,
In harmonious wise,
There reigned utter tumult all over the skies:
Suns would sputter and hiss,
And the water groaned in the abyss.

Then the Father of All with one word of His Mind
Dispelled that dread chaos: all things were defined
And allotted their sphere;
Strange electrical power in the atoms was spun,
And fixed stars did appear,
While the planets grew true to their sun.

Even so, when to youth all the world opens wide
And with hopes, fears, and wonder lures him on to *this* side
Then to *that*, all about,—
Confusion will set his whole mind in a rout—
(Which way in, which way out?)—
Till kind Providence eases his doubt;

Till some path opens out for a future career,
Then with hands or with brain will he work without rest
For home, comfort, and cheer;
Unless he be called to a region more blest,
Leaving all for God's sake,
Just the humble monk's habit to take.

For Saint Benedict pitied our floundering race
And devised for the serious children of grace.
Quite a new universe,
Whose sun is the Abbot, his chief planet the Prior
His teaching to rehearse
And encourage all do their *devoir*.

And each monk by his holy stability vow
Doth become a fixed star, a faint light but yet clear
With the Spirit's warm glow,
And pursues his sure round every day, every year,
Till he wendeth his way
To God's heaven of heavens on eternity's day.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Why So Fearful?

Catholics rejoice in the rich possession of the true faith; they have the assurance that theirs is the saving faith which was handed down to them by Christ Himself through His Church. No greater riches could they possess. This faith, if they place no serious obstacle in its way, but cooperate with it, will bring them without fail to the possession of God and of life eternal. This is truly a reason for rejoicing.

There are, however, not wanting timorous Catholics who, through fear of ridicule, or for similar reasons, are unwilling to offer to those outside the faith any explanation of ordinary Catholic practices and teachings. Many an opportunity is thus lost to scatter the seed of faith that in time might sprout and become a living tree. "O ye of little faith!"

ADVERTISE YOUR WARES

Are not the most of our churches lacking in this respect too? Can we not learn from the sects, which are continually advertising to the world their points of vantage as they see them (and it is a sorry remnant indeed that remains to them)? When you pass a Protestant church, invariably you will find the hours of the services indicated in large bold letters that can be easily read in passing. Besides this, a word of welcome is added or an invitation to attend the services. Moreover, in the hotels and in other public places you will see posted the hours of the services in the various Protestant churches. You are apt to look in vain for a like notice of the Catholic church. The press, too, which has been carefully informed, carries a card with like information.

WHY SOME CATHOLICS MISS MASS

The Catholic who travels, and there are not a few in our day, will ordinarily have to inquire where and when he may attend Mass during his enforced stay in the city. Often enough he will be unable to get this information at the hotel. If he has to leave on an early train, he may have to depart without satisfying either his longing or his obligation. Why is not the all-

important duty of hearing Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation made more convenient for the traveler by posting the hours of the Sunday Masses? Furthermore, in these days of frequent Communion and the liturgical movement, there are many who would like to attend week-day Mass too and receive Holy Communion. Because they are strangers within the gates, and the necessary information is not at hand, they are deprived of a privilege that is rightly theirs. Why is this information withheld from them? We venture to say that many a one is compelled to forego the privilege of hearing Mass, especially on Sundays, because of the thoughtlessness on the part of those who could and should attend to this important matter. Here is where the layman can assist the busy pastor. The layman can bring this matter to the attention of the pastor. More than this, he can, with the approval of the pastor, have the cards or notices prepared. This matter can be very nicely handled by the Knights of Columbus or other active bodies of the laity in the Church, and they should take pride in having the churches of their respective cities listed at the hotels, recreation halls, etc., with the hours of the Masses correctly given. If a change is made in the schedule of any church, the correction should be noted at once. An incorrect schedule may easily cause a stranger's missing a Mass of obligation or of devotion. A wide-awake, zealous Catholic laity needs only a hint to cooperate with its pastors. Don't leave everything for Father to do. Take pride in helping him to carry his arduous burden. That is Catholic action.

TO NON-CATHOLIC VISITORS

It is not sufficient merely to possess the treasure of the true faith, we should also advertise, or make known, the fact, at least in a modest way. Successful business men know that advertising pays. To meet with greater success in our work of reaping the boundless harvest of souls may we not safely adopt such methods of the world as are adaptable to our purposes?

In its July number *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* reprints a notice "To non-Catholic Visitors" which is posted at the door of a Jesuit church in Edin-

burgh, Scotland. With slight changes in the wording, this same notice might be posted in the vestibule near the door in all our churches:

"This church belongs to the greatest Christian community of the world, which includes about 360 million souls. The religion which is taught here is the very same that was taught in all the churches of this country before the 'Reformation.'

"You and all those who come to visit this church or to pray here, are not alone, for in the Tabernacle, in the center of the high altar, is Jesus Christ, that Jesus who was born in the stable at Bethlehem and who died on Calvary. That is why Catholics genuflect before the altar, and why you are asked to act respectfully in this church.

"The statues that you see here are not idols; they are like the photographs which remind you of your absent friends. If you see a Catholic on his knees before one of them, do not think that he is adoring it. He is simply praying to the Saint that it represents, asking his intercession before God, as you would ask a friend to intercede for you."

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

SHORT ORDERS

A small amount of surface acreage will serve nowadays as living quarters for thousands of people. Our modern skyscraper system sees to that. Activities which formerly required hours and days of patient toil are now compressed within the meager space of a few minutes. It would seem that modern science is approaching very near to the point where it will be an easy matter to narrow down the infinite to the finite and to limit the boundless. Human energy is daily demanding a higher premium; it is asking better and greater results from a minimum of expenditure. We expect a vast saving of time and labor from our multiplied inventions and contrivances. Such a demand can scarcely be out of place, considering that these time savers and what-not are the product of our own resources and ingenuity. But who gave any man the right to expect the same in the spiritual order? Notwithstanding our catechism's teaching that perfection is an uphill climbing, that heaven is to be attained through suffering and labor, that reward is merited by pain, many modern Catholics strive to apply the idea of short orders and electric push buttons to the realm of grace. Grace does not come to us done up in small packages of uniform size; neither is the bounty of God a mechanism which may be worked like a slot machine. Yet one sees Catholics who give evidence by their actions that some such ideas must be the guiding stars of their practice of religion. They go to church like tourists rushing into a restaurant where short orders

are taken. Always in a hurry, they have half an hour to spare, and no more! And it would be an outrage to demand more of them! They must be moving on; they must keep their schedule at all risks. God, or anybody at all, will have to give them a concentrated dose of grace during the few moments they can afford to spend on this "soul-business"—their *sole* business.

THE SUNDAY LITURGY

Life is fleeting—that's a fact! And at the same time it is a very potent reason why we should make the best possible use of the twenty-four hours we call Sunday. Never in this present life shall we be able to comprehend how many rays of grace are focused upon us in the Sunday Mass and Office. The obligation under pain of sin of hearing Mass on Sunday is therefore rightly considered to be one of the most helpful means Holy Mother Church can proffer to her children. Properly instructed Catholics do not fail to see this advantage and make use of it. At the sacrifice of personal convenience they are ready to receive the showers of blessings which the attendance at Sunday Mass invariably brings with it. For them the lessons taught by the Sunday Gospels are living lessons which impart salutary effects to their souls. Thus, they are better grounded in humility after listening to the parable of the publican and the pharisee, which is read on the tenth Sunday after Pentecost; or their confidence in the mercy of God receives encouragement from the kind act of Jesus in healing the deaf and dumb man, as narrated on the eleventh Sunday. So it is with every Mass they attend. Having their hearts always prepared to receive the implanting of the fruitful seed of God's holy word, they themselves grow fruitful in virtue and the image of Christ in them grows daily into a closer resemblance to the original.

The Treasure

THELMA RUDGE

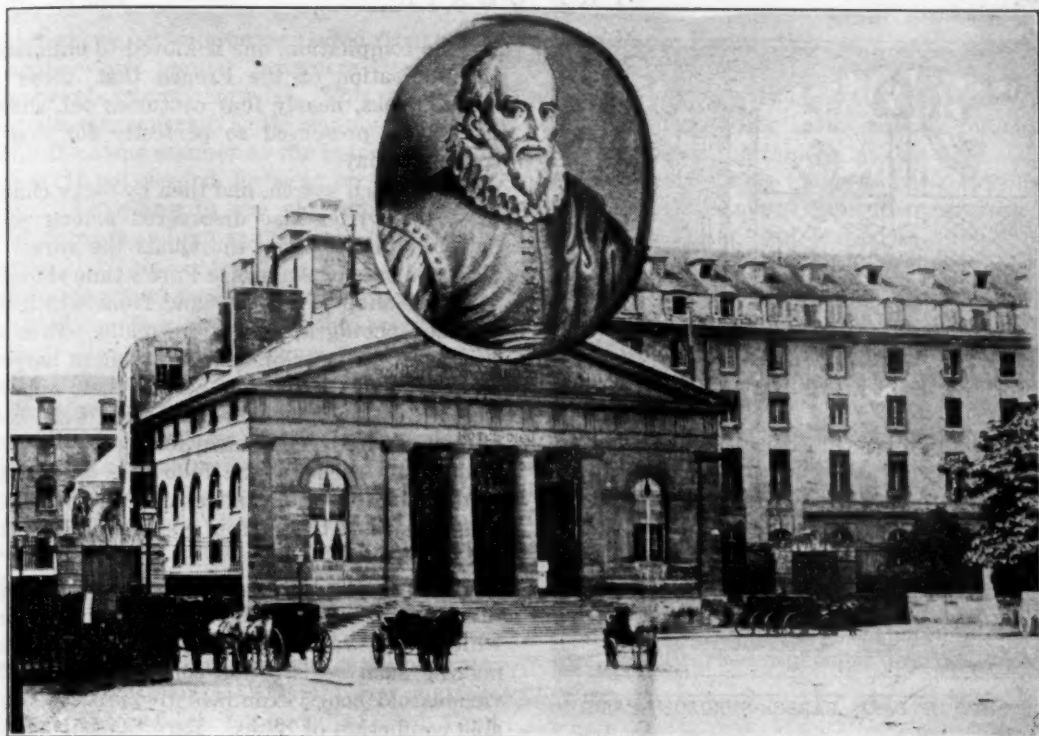
I sought for life's treasure. "Tis here," said Wealth,
 "See its glorious glitter and shine."
 "Sell to me thine heart's dreams," whispered Satan,
 "And this glorious treasure shall be thine."
 "With thy dreams I'll brew for thee a potion,
 "Wondrous magic of success sublime."
 The lust of gold was now rife within me.
 "Satan, thou art indeed great," I cried.
 So he drained my heart of all its sweet dreams,
 Then he slyly added greed, and pride.

Weary and sated with effortless wealth,
 The glow of youth in my eyes grew dim.
 Paying the penalty riches demand,
 I realized the mock'ry of him.
 Life's treasure! Why it abides in the heart,
 Of a soul unfettered and dream-thrilled;
 And the burden of life, so hard to bear,
 'T is the curse of ev'ry wish fulfilled.

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AMBROISE PARÉ (1509-1590) AND HOTEL DIEU (660-1931), OLDEST HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD.
PRESENT ENTRANCE MUCH AS IN PARÉ'S TIME

Barber who won Fame for Surgery

FRANCIS DICKIE

Barbers and surgeons both celebrate the memory of Ambroise Paré, four centuries after his entering the profession. Life story of barber apprentice who rose to serve four kings of France, is a remarkable one.

MANY ancient trades and professions have changed greatly from the long ago until now, and the interiors in which the work is done. Between the magnificence of a modern barber shop, or a beauty and hairdressing parlor, to be found in all great cities in North America to-day, and a barber shop of the sixteenth century in Europe, is so vast a difference that were one of the barbers of that time, for example, Ambroise Paré, to return to-day, he would certainly hardly realize that the same profession was being followed, as in the shop

where he began serving his apprenticeship 400 years ago.

Still more interesting is it to recall that barbers were also in those days surgeons. In the barber shop was developed a new profession, and Ambroise Paré, youthful barber apprentice, was the father of modern surgery. He toiled long years and faithfully to aid mankind and alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the days of the Middle Ages when ignorance, cruelty, and the neglect of the suffering were rampant. Due to that early skill gained in handling a razor in a Paris barber shop, he developed into the greatest surgeon of his time. He was made first surgeon to Henri II and served the three following kings,



SHOP OF PARE, BARBER-SURGEON, PARIS

François II, Charles IX, and Henri III, over a period of thirty-five years. He discovered the much more humane and far more valuable method of tying the arteries after amputation. With this he replaced the barbarous and not too successful practice of applying red-hot irons or boiling oil.

So this year both barbers and surgeons throughout France and other parts of the world are celebrating the 400th anniversary of Paré's entering the profession, and in honor of the many valuable discoveries he made to aid his fellow men. His life was a remarkable one, and full of incidents of the highest interest not only to barbers and surgeons, but to the general public.

Among millions of books in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris are stored a score of mighty volumes relating to Paré. Many of them, and the most important, are handwritten in old French. From weeks of searching through these has been gathered a vast collection of incidents and anecdotes about Ambroise Paré's long and so very active life. It is difficult to make a selection to set forth here briefly, for all is of such gripping interest. But in mak-

ing the compilation, one is moved to enthusiastic admiration of the French that these so scarce books, nearly four centuries old, should have been preserved so perfectly for one to consult to-day.

After much search, and then by lucky chance only, the writer also discovered among some battered prints along the Quais the rarest of old wood cuts of Ambroise Paré's time showing a barber shop of his day and from which the enclosed photograph has been made. Thus we see the exact interior of a shop where barbers and surgeons of the time served their apprenticeship. How much of an easier time both barbers and surgeons have to-day can only be realized by perusing the following description of the labors of their sixteenth century professional brothers taken from one of the 400-year-old books.

There is no record of Paré's birth, although in the reign of François Premier, during which Paré was born, a law had been passed making such registration compulsory. In the various old books examined there is considerable confliction of dates. Paré himself admits his uncertainty as to his exact age. In some of his writings when an old man his dates did not correspond with those of others, making him about six years older. Thus we find his birth set variously by different writers from 1509 to 1517. However, from a comparison of various dates and events, in view of the above uncertainty, it was decided to set this year as marking the 400th anniversary of his entering the profession.

At that time the barbers and surgeons were not considered as belonging to the medical profession. Though they did much to aid suffering humanity, they were looked down upon by their brothers of the long prescriptions in Latin words.

Both the future master barbers and future surgeons served their apprenticeships together. About five thirty in the morning an apprentice came to work. After sweeping the shop, he was ready to serve those early-going workers who wanted their beards trimmed before starting their day. The apprentices were always on hand even at this early hour as they received a small tip when a customer was satisfied. Later in the morning, about 9 o'clock, and until 2 in

the afternoon, an apprentice visited from house to house where regular customers lived, trimming beards or combing wigs. This was not by appointment generally. He simply made his call in the same manner as the butcher and the baker. If not needed, he went on to the next house. According to one old record, an apprentice made as high as fifty calls on his daily rounds.

Returning to the shop about 2 o'clock, he assisted his master in performing small operations; also at dressing wounds and small tumors. Regarding the latter it should be particularly noted that tumors were not operated upon. In any moments of leisure, the apprentice worked at making instruments, which with the exception of the razor, were not much superior to the tools of a blacksmith. Evening was the only time left in which to study. After the long-houred day, it is not to be wondered at that most of the boys were too utterly weary to spend further time learning anatomy and kindred subjects. For this reason the progress of surgery was slow. Certainly, few masters in other walks of life demanded so much from their servants as the barber-surgeon expected of his apprentices. He was supposed to give these boys one afternoon a week holiday, and another afternoon free to attend lectures given by the physicians of the Paris Faculty. But in most cases these rules were ignored and the boys missed many lectures because they were engaged cutting beards or combing wigs. Finally the physicians, in a spirit of duty, offered to get up very early and give the lectures from 4 o'clock in the morning until 5, before the boys commenced work. There is no doubt that such a time left no happy memories to these boys, or sentiments of gratitude to their masters.

Such was the life that Ambroise Paré took up when he came to Paris from the town of Laval in the district of the Loire. He was the son of a cabinetmaker, who, after a short time at the village school, was boarded with the parish vicar in order that he might learn Latin. However, the sum paid for this was so small, that the vicar kept the boy busy working in his garden and stable. Thus Ambroise had gained little knowledge of Latin on the day he was apprenticed to a barber-surgeon and entered a

shop in Paris. He was then apparently between thirteen and fourteen years old. Though this seems astonishingly young to us to-day, it was quite a common thing in those days for children to begin as apprentices at this age.

In spite of the long hours and the difficulty of attending lectures, Ambroise had such a strong constitution and ability to study that after four years as a barber's apprentice he succeeded in getting admitted to the Hotel Dieu, the first hospital in France, founded in 660, and one of the oldest in the world. Here as an assistant barber-surgeon he continued to increase his knowledge of surgery for three years. Paré joined the staff of the Hotel Dieu at the age of about eighteen. It was a dreadful place. All the diseased of the kingdom flocked here, and the building was always overcrowded. Only adults were given attention. New born babies died in great numbers and many of the mothers. The attendants were small in number and could not cope with the work. Paré worked night and day. In one of



DUKE OF GUISE WHOSE LIFE PARÉ SAVED



DUKE DE ROHAN, THE FIRST MAN TO HAVE
HIS ARTERIES TIED AFTER AN OPERATION

the old books he tells of the terrible cold in the hospital. The only means of heating was to drag a "Chariot" loaded with live coals through the room. Each bed held three patients the long way of the bed, and one across the end.

After three years in hospital, Paré joined the army of King Henri II. Firearms had just come into use. The curing of the wounds caused by gunshot raised a new problem for the surgeons. They used boiling oil to cauterize the wounds.

At the siege of Metz, Paré had a great many wounded on his hands. There was a shortage of oil. Yet Paré noted with surprise that after several days the wounds that had been left untreated were healing, while those treated with boiling oil were worse. From that time onward Paré never used the old method.

It was at the battle of Damvilliers, Paré performed the first amputation in which he tied the ligature with a double cord, instead of cauterizing with a red hot iron or boiling oil as had been done in the past. This was the most momentous forward step, which won him the

name of "Father of modern surgery," and it should be noted that this immense step forward in surgical practice remained little improved upon until the time of Lister in the present day. Truly a very high tribute to the barber-surgeon of 400 years ago!

At the battle of Damvilliers the Duke de Rohan was wounded so badly that one leg had to be amputated. The Duke was in such a weak condition, Paré feared the shock of applying a red hot iron to cauterize the wound would be too severe. Due to this was born his great discovery: he tied the end of the severed arteries with cord. Thus from that time on millions of people were spared the awful suffering of the red-hot iron and the boiling oil.

Due to the opposition of the medical profession who were jealous of the good work of the barber-surgeons of the day, the medical doctors had made a rule no surgeon could receive a degree of Master-Surgeon unless he passed a test in Latin. But after Paré's work on the battlefield, he had become a favorite with King Henri. So his jealous rivals were forced to pass him. So Paré learned the necessary address in Latin by heart and on December 18, 1554, at the age of forty-five, he received his degree.

During the following thirty years he was surgeon to three kings who followed Henri II, François II, Charles IX, and Henri III. But though raised to this exalted position, he continued to labor for the poor and unfortunate. He was a great reader. He collected 300 volumes dealing with the history of the barber-surgeons' work in early times. He also wrote many treatises on the treatment of wounds, gynecology and the plague. He continued to write until near the end of his life. Some of these are preserved bound in three large volumes at the Bibliotheque Nationale. But unfortunately his collection of early works on barbering-surgery were dispersed after his death.

This is an exceedingly brief review of the life of one of the greatest men of his time, and one of the most famous in the annals of the barber's profession.

Our endeavor should be to remember the good others have done to us and forget the evil.

What I Saw at Konnersreuth

REV. WM. SCHAEFERS, M. L.

THE primitive village of Konnersreuth was as quaint and idyllic as any I have ever seen. A drowsy quiet reigned in the streets which made strolling through them pleasant. Here and there a cow nibbled at the short grass along the back streets. From pretty, old-fashioned windows boxes of bright flowers projected. Little tots shepherded droves of geese. There was little life in the village on that day—Wednesday.

But Thursday came. And early on that morning the village awoke to the noise of a small advance guard of the approaching hundreds—the first unit of the expected army of tourists and visitors. For a week the village had been quiet and almost lifeless; now it was alive with noise and excitement, and was coming again into the vision of many strangers.

The world is wide, very wide. But it contains no sight like that of Teresa Neumann. The best proof of this is the fact that, although now no longer a novelty, during the year, especially during the summer months, the sacred tragedy enacted by the stigmatic peasant girl every Friday (unless Friday falls on a major feast day or within the octave of such a feast) is witnessed by a multitude of visitors from all corners of Europe, and even from America, frequently at great expense and personal inconvenience.

Konnersreuth is an ideal stage for this extraordinary drama in which there is but a single performer, Teresa. This village, with its peasantry background, generations of pious villagers, and decades of oblivion, seems the appropriate and natural place where a stig-



AMBROISE PARE PERFORMING THE FIRST OPERATION AT WHICH ARTERIES WERE TIED

matic should live. In Konnersreuth the influence of the tragedy on Mt. Calvary, which happened nearly two thousand years ago, is deeply felt; even now, whenever I recall the tortured, pained face of the gentle, suffering Teresa, I feel as though the benediction of Calvary were warming my soul.

Teresa, the first of ten children born to Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, was born on Saturday of Holy Week, April 9, 1898. As a child she was perfectly normal. She attended the village school. Toward the end of her school career she developed a tender love for the story of our Lord's Passion and Death. This story always caused her to break into bitter tears. At the age of fourteen Teresa cultivated a warm devotion to the "Little Flower." After her school days Teresa helped her mother in the housework. When she was sixteen years old her father was summoned to take the field in Flanders in defense of the Fatherland. From this time on Teresa worked more diligently than ever, helping her mother to meet the expense of clothing and feeding the family. Teresa did all kinds of work. Her favorite task was mowing the meadows with an old fashioned scythe, such as is still in use all over Europe. She was a strong girl, did heavy work; she could carry a sack of grain weighing 150 pounds up to the attic. In 1918 she was employed as a hired girl in the home of one of the leading citizens of the village. On March the 18th of that year a fire broke out next door to her employer's home. Teresa volunteered to head the bucket brigade that was formed; standing on a high box, she passed bucket after bucket of water to her employer, who, higher up on a ladder, dashed the water over the roof of his threatened home. When all danger was over, Teresa, on stepping down from the box, suddenly swooned. She had exerted herself tremendously for an hour or more. A dash of water revived her. She then went home to her mother. On the following morning she still felt sick. An annoying, unshakable sickness began to rack her body. Teresa drifted into years of sickness. Complications of all kinds set in. For a while she dragged herself about the house, doing such light work as she could manage. But her indomitable will was finally broken; tearfully, she took to her bed. Cramps

and paralysis seized her and held her captive. Total blindness then enveloped her—she lay an invalid, August, 1919. During these months of sickness, and ever since, Teresa has been under the care of Doctor Seidl, a well known physician and surgeon of Waldsassen, a neighboring town to Konnersreuth.

The wonders in the life of this child of benediction began on April 29, 1923, when the Carmelite Sister Therese of Lisieux was beatified; on that glorious day Teresa recovered her sight! Two years later, May 17, 1925, the day when Blessed Therese was canonized, Teresa suddenly sat up in bed, called the members of the family to her sickroom—and, with a smile playing across her pallid cheeks, she left her bed and walked!

At this period of her life there was still no promise of the stigmata wounds. But that she was an extraordinary child was now unanimously agreed to by all the villagers. And doctor Seidl began to speak of her as "a marvelous child." The village pastor, Father Naber, sensed something of the supernatural in Teresa.

Divine Providence had had Teresa on trial since 1918. For eight years she had suffered in silence and patience, wholly resigned to the will of God. How noble and truly pious had been her conversation—she who was so worn in body, so tormented with pains and blindness, so weak and tired, so helpless. But these eight years constituted only the prelude to what was yet to follow. Teresa was to taste the miseries and woes of the Suffering Savior. She was destined to become an actor in the Lord's Passion.

Almost without warning Teresa received the stigmata wounds. At the beginning of the first week in Lent, 1926, she began to bleed profusely from her eyes; during the third week of that Lent the great wound appeared over her heart; on Good Friday of that Lent she passed into her first ecstasy, and at the same time the wounds on her hands and feet appeared beneath the skin (a year later, on Good Friday, these wounds broke through, assuming their present shape and color.) Eight months later, Nov. 5, 1927, the wounds on her head appeared.

Stigmatized, Teresa startled Europe. At the

age of twenty-eight, when she might have been in the bloom of youth, Teresa lay abed, week after week, a willing prisoner of the Lord, before a never-ending stream of believers, scoffers, and scientists, suffering the agony and torture of Gethsemane and Calvary.

She begins her passion Thursday midnight, completes it on Friday at about two o'clock in the afternoon. For fourteen hours blood flows steadily from all her wounds, except from the wounds of her hands and feet, which bleed only once a year, on Good Friday. Fourteen hours of pain, misery, and woe, when she passes through intermittent periods of ecstasies, sufferings, and calm. This wonder child follows the various stages of the Mt. Calvary tragedy in regular order, beginning with the Savior's bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives, and ending with His death on the cross. She remains in ecstasy for about fifteen minutes during each of the Passion scenes. After each period of ecstasy, Teresa regains consciousness and is able to answer clearly concerning her visions.

There are three positions taken by Teresa during each successive vision. First, her stage of ecstasy, when, sitting erect in bed, she stretches forth her arms. During this period she is silent. She is living in another world. She sees Christ suffering. She suffers with Him. By her gesticulations she gives evidence of the scene in the Passion then being enacted; she reflects in her pinched face the sufferings of the Lord in such a manner as to enable the bystanders, at least those among them who are familiar with the biblical narration of the Passion, to follow the different stations of the cross. Her arms are outstretched, hands open, fingers twitch nervously. Her features express in turn bitterness, fear, anguish, sympathy, horror. Finally, she sinks back on her pillow. Now she enters a short period of intense suffering. She writhes in her bed, moans and groans. She is aware now of her environment; she speaks when spoken to. She describes the vision she had and repeats the Aramaic words spoken by those who appeared in her vision. It is this, her perfect pronunciation of the Aramaic, that has puzzled many linguists and scholars. During this conscious stage of her agony Teresa is almost overcome with fright and terror at the thought of her sufferings.

She would cry out, "Remove this chalice from me!" She seems to lose courage; the agony is too much for her. But suddenly she again resumes a sitting posture. Quiet comes over her. She is now unconscious of her pain; her body rests. Her soul seems detached from her senses. She is unconscious of her environment; afterwards she does not remember what was said to her, nor does she know who is present at her bedside. This spell, this breathing space of rest and quiet is broken suddenly; she is ready to suffer again. Extending her arms, the tragedy is resumed; the next vision of the tragedy grips her.

The death hour is the bitterest period for Teresa. She is shocked to behold the Savior crucified. She gazes up, quivering with pain. Her face expresses horror as she hears the jeering of the rabble. She cups her ears as she listens to Christ promising the good thief Paradise. She thirsts with Christ; her lips move, she tries to moisten them with her parched tongue; she sucks greedily on the sponge raised to the lips of the Savior by one of the Roman soldiers—groans on tasting the vinegar and gall. She opens wide her eyes that are filled with blood. She sees Christ about to die. A fleeting look of joy lights up her face that is streaming with blood; she says that the Savior before dying gives her a kind look to thank her for her sorrow, suffering and compassion. Then she falls back upon her pillow, lifeless, exhausted by the tragedy through which she had journeyed since midnight. She had drunk the chalice of suffering once more. And all who witnessed the tragedy, deeply affected, say, "Konnersreuth is a blessing to mankind." For Teresa suffers for others.

Out of a primitive peasant village, stuck away in the remote corner of northwestern Bavaria, comes the spectacle of a stigmatized girl. For six years her career has puzzled Europe. This amazing girl has puzzled the scientists; try as they may, they cannot explain the riddle of Konnersreuth. It is beyond them. All the rules and principles of science are upset by Teresa. In the world's history of to-day she is alone; the spectacle of that peasant girl, living the Savior's Passion in as far as a human creature can live it, stands alone in its grief and horror and—fascination. It thrills

and it moves to tears the visitor standing at the bedside of the stigmatized sufferer; he stands riveted to the spot.

Teresa is studied, loved, and marveled at, but her case is not understood nor accounted for by the most searching analysis of scientists. They are tripped, blocked, stunned—whipped. The fact that Teresa, uneducated, speaks the Aramaic and has a correct knowledge of Jerusalem and the geography of Mt. Calvary; the fact that she has not taken a particle of solid food since Christmas, 1923, but only liquids; the fact that since Christmas, 1923, she has not even taken liquids; the fact that she has lost appetite and the power to swallow, eats and drinks nothing, but always weighs 110 pounds, regaining within 48 hours the seven to ten pounds lost during her fourteen hours of suffering—these phenomenal facts block the pestering delvings and experiments of Teresa's persecutors who would like to discover by what kind of witchcraft or magic or fakery she has turned herself into the stigmatic wonder of the world. But they hunt and explore and grope in vain.

Teresa Neumann is a child of benediction by the mysterious workings of Divine Providence. From first to last she is a pious, patient, simple Catholic girl, a pliable instrument in the hands of God. She despises publicity and notoriety; she has hurt no one, she suffers for many. She has dauntless courage; she says, "I cannot help that the Lord comes and speaks to me. I do not wish such extraordinary favors, but how can I prevent the Lord from bestowing them on me?" Thus she speaks, in phrases whose simplicity and frankness shames the language of the curious, the unbeliever, the scoffer, and the cold, calculating scientist, but warms the heart and soul of the unnumbered visitors who, like myself, found edification and strength at the sight of the miracle maiden of Konnersreuth.

Our uncertain and fragile life has nothing sure but the end—death.—St. Anselm.

To possess even a wisp of straw requires an effort, but to attract God one sigh alone is sufficient.—St. Mechtilde.

Emily Bannister's Love Story

MARY E. MANNIX

THE rector of St. Peter's, after having said his breviary, put the little book in the pocket of his Cassock and went to the door of the sacristy, where Miss Emily Bannister was arranging flowers for the altar. For a moment he watched her deft fingers, glancing up from them to the pure, sweet profile of her face, which he had often before observed. As his shadow fell across the floor, she turned and greeted him with a smile.

"Miss Emily," he said, "I have often wondered that you did not become a nun."

She smiled again and answered gently, "What would have happened to my father and mother if I had gone to be a nun?"

"They would have been obliged to do without you as many other fathers and mothers have done," replied the priest, still smiling.

"You have never had any idea of entering a convent?"

"Never, Father," she replied. "I have just gone on living in my own little way, perfectly satisfied with my lot as it is."

"And you never have thought of marrying?" continued the priest.

"No, Father," she replied, "as I said a moment ago, I have just gone on living and have been perfectly happy as I am."

"Well, you have led a very excellent and blameless life so far," said the priest. "I did not mean to criticize. Go on, my dear child, as you are doing and I do not think that St. Peter will hesitate to open the door for you when you are ready to enter the heavenly portals."

So saying he left her and went into the house. But the rector had put a thought into Emily's mind, his words had revived something which had almost faded from her recollection, the only incident in her life for which she felt regret, she did not want to think of it; she never could

understand how it had happened and she recalled it as seldom as possible; but now and then it would creep into her thoughts and whenever it did she brushed it away figuratively, so to speak, as one would a troublesome mosquito or fly that hovered around one now and then, almost impossible to banish. By the time she reached home her mind was restored to its usual equanimity, which the words of the priest had somewhat disturbed.

In the meantime her father, Dr. Bannister, had returned from his daily visit to the village and went through the house seeking his wife, whom at last he found in the garden.

"Mary!" he exclaimed a little nervously, "who do you think is in town?"

"I cannot imagine," she replied, but feeling as she spoke that whoever the new arrival might be it was no one who was welcome to her husband.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "you remember that delivery boy, Stebbins?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bannister, suddenly lifting herself from the flower bed where she had been working, "what of it?"

"I'll tell you what I have heard. I went into the drug store on an errand and old Styptil told me that he, Stebbins, had just been in, said he had grown quite prosperous and had come back to be married."

"To be married!" said Mrs. Bannister apprehensively, "Surely you do not think Edward, that—?"

"I cannot think anything else," replied her husband, "but I intend to put a spoke in his wheel which will eventually destroy all hopes of his in that quarter."

"Surely you have no idea that Emily would for a moment consider such a thing, it must be some other person," said Mrs. Bannister, now almost trembling with excitement.

"I am firmly convinced," replied her husband, who it may be said was always a man of very firm convictions which argument could seldom alter, "that Emily is his goal; but as I said before, I have not the slightest idea that he will be successful. I intend to use a little diplomacy in the matter."

"Diplomacy!" exclaimed his wife with a

smile she could not suppress. "Fancy your using diplomacy, Edward."

"Well, I am going to use it this time," replied her husband, "if he has the assurance to come to Rippling Waters looking for Emily, he will have the assurance to make us a visit. He thinks he is as good as anybody, and has always thought so; it will not fluster him in the least to make his appearance at any moment and I intend to be ready for him."

"What do you mean to do?" inquired his wife.

"I mean to welcome him as an old friend, to treat him with courtesy; unless he is greatly changed, and according to Styptil, he is the same blustering fellow he always was, he will not be in the house ten minutes before Emily will be disgusted with him. And furthermore, I anticipate that he will realize almost as soon as he arrives that he has made a mistake, that she is entirely out of his element. What do you think of my plan?"

"I suppose it is the best thing to do," said the gentle wife. "I hope it will succeed, Edward."

"Have no fears, Mary," replied her husband. "Everything will be as we wish it to be, only I hate the idea of having to pretend that he is welcome here."

After a few more words the doctor and his wife, seeing their daughter approaching, entered the house together.

That afternoon while the rector was taking his usual nap, his housekeeper knocked at the door. She said, when he answered her, "Father, there is a man downstairs who would like to see you."

"Is it a sick call?" inquired the priest.

"Oh, no," answered the housekeeper. "I think he is just a visitor; anyway he is a stranger, I never saw him before."

When the rector entered his study, a stout, well-dressed, middle-aged man rose from the chair on which he was seated, the only really comfortable one in the room, for the equipment of Father Morgan's household was plain in the extreme. The priest, who had a particularly gentle voice, noticed that of his visitor was extremely loud and had a blustering tone. He

certainly had a self-assured air as he announced himself.

"Father," he said, "I believe that's what they call you," at the same time presenting his card, "I am William Stebbins, of Stebbins & Colquhoun, Chicago."

"I see," said the priest, glancing at the card.

"Maybe you have heard of our firm," rejoined the other consequentially, "Builders' Supplies?"

"I do not think I have," replied the priest quietly, "but that is of no consequence. What is your business with me? Be seated, please."

The stranger drew his chair forward nearer the table where Father Morgan was seated. "It is just this, Sir,—Father. In a way, I have come back to Rippling Waters to get married. I left here a poor boy seventeen years ago and now I can look anyone in the face and say truthfully I have a fine business and splendid prospects. I have been in Chicago seventeen years."

The priest rose and closed the door between the hall and living room, as the man's voice was exceedingly loud. As he reseated himself, he remarked with a smile:

"I wonder that you have not married before, having been prosperous and living in a city where there was great variety of choice."

"Oh, I have been married before," was the reply. "My wife was a fine woman, handsome, big and hearty like myself; in for all kinds of fun and frolic; there was hardly a night when we did not go somewhere; neither of us cared for reading; we had no children, and we were fond of amusin' ourselves." Then his face as-

suming a momentary air of gravity, he continued, "but she died a year ago; rather suddenly too. Doctor said she had too much fat about her heart. Now, Father, I am tired of living alone and I have concluded to marry again."

"Yes?" said the priest interrogatively, inwardly wondering why he had come to so insignificant a place as Rippling Waters in search of a bride.

The man lowered his voice, leaned forward and said as though confidentially, "I once had a kind of love affair here, Father, and I never got the little girl entirely out of my mind. I heard from a friend the other day that she had never married, and while I did not think it was because she was pining for me, or anything of that kind, I just thought I would take a chance and come on, maybe we could make a bargain."

"But why have you come to me?" inquired the priest. "Do I know the young lady?"

"Of course you do," was the reply. "She is one of your best members. It is Dr. Bannister's daughter."

"Do you mean Miss Emily Bannister?" asked the priest, in a tone of great surprise, which he could hardly conceal from the man, so improbable did it seem that there could have been even friendship between the self-assertive, uncultured man and the delicate, refined, and quiet woman with whom he had been conversing but a few hours before.

"Course I mean Miss Emily Bannister," was the reply, "the doctor ain't got but one, has he?"

"No," said the priest, "but as I inquired before, 'why have you come to me?'"

"Because I know there is lots of difficulties in your church when Catholics marry out of their religion, and I just thought I'd tell you that, anything that has got to be done, I am willing to do; give her her own way in everything and be married before your altar and so on, and knowing what good religionists the Bannisters' were, I wanted to be able to tell her that I had been here to see you and had told you I am willing to perform all the rites and celebrations that were required."

"Catholics and Protestants do not marry before the altar," said the priest, "we do not consider such a marriage a religious ceremony, it

Faith

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

There is pleasure in low music
When the twilight shades are drawn;

There is comfort just in quiet
When the daytime rush is gone.

There is beauty in a garden
When the rain has passed that way,

But there's Heaven in the feeling,
That God waits at close of day.

is only a civil one; they are married in this study, or in their own homes. There are no rites and celebrations, as you call them; and as to certain promises, I would rather you would wait until you learn the state of Miss Bannister's affections towards you, and her willingness to accept you as her husband, then this matter can be easily arranged. You seem to have a very good will."

"All right then," said Mr. Stebbins, rising from his chair. "I'll assure you one thing, Father, you won't get less than a twenty-dollar gold piece from me, if you succeed in joining me to Emily Bannister, as I hope you will."

Father Morgan rose also; a feeling of disgust crept over him, not for a moment did he believe that there had ever been any love affair between Emily Bannister and this uncouth man who stood before him. He was almost indignant that the fellow should be so conceited as to entertain the idea for one moment. Accompanying his visitor to the door, he watched him for an instant as he hurried in the direction of the Bannister residence, and then reentered his house with a very uncomfortable feeling.

That same evening Miss Emily Bannister came out on the piazza of her home, her knitting in her hand, a fluffy pink shawl, at which she gazed admiringly before beginning her work, holding it to her cheek which was of the same soft, delicate color. Her life had been happy and uneventful, save for one disturbance which might have changed its whole tenor had not her wise father interfered.

The Bannisters had always been held in high repute in the little town of Rippling Waters, where her grandfather and her father had been physicians for many years, but the truth must be told; the modest, sedate little Emily, nurtured like a tender flower, had at the age of seventeen become interested in the grocery boy who twice a week carried supplies from his employer's store to the refined and somewhat exclusive home of the Bannisters. How it had begun she never could have told, but it had developed and continued during a period of two or three months, entirely unsuspected by her parents, until the evening when her father discovered her would-be lover holding her hand. Judgment was swift and sure, and the swain or-

dered never to show his face in that neighborhood again. Perhaps it may be said to his credit that he exhibited a manly front and was not ashamed of what had happened. He really was a handsome fellow, with remarkably blue and flashing eyes, and no doubt considered himself to be her equal in every way. As he drove off for the last time he called back, "We'll be married yet. Good-bye, Emily."

"And he called her by her first name!" wailed timid and astonished Mrs. Bannister, who had been a witness of the whole proceeding.

Emily was led into the house by her mother, speeded from behind by a not very gentle push from her father. Questions, tears, and reproaches followed; the ewe lamb was sent to bed in disgrace. Emily accepted the situation sadly but calmly; she made no protest or endeavored to hold further parley with her beloved, who in his turn pursued the same course. For several days Dr. Bannister was severely and constantly on the watch without any result that he might have feared.

One evening he returned home from his daily rounds looking rather more cheerful than he had lately done. Emily, quiet as a mouse, took her place at the supper table where her father and mother were already seated.

"Well," said the doctor, in rather an exultant tone, unable to conceal his satisfaction at the news he was about to communicate, "I understand that young Stebbins has left the town, an uncle in Chicago has sent for him to make his fortune there. H'm! Emily, my dear, we will consider the incident closed."

"Yes, father," said the girl in a low voice,

If I Could Know

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

If I could know, when each day dies,
I had brought joy to tired eyes;

If I could know, when falls each night,
I'd helped to make some child's life bright;

If I could know, at set of sun,
The fruit of some good deed I'd done;

I'd count my life of grander mould,
Than if I'd simply gathered gold.



"WELL, EMILY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

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and it was closed. From that time forward the name of Stebbins was never heard in the Bannister home; nor were his fame and fortune matters of conjecture in the minds of the matter-of-fact father and mother. Gradually, as we have before intimated, what had occurred became only a memory in that household; and to the modest, sensitive little soul whose solitary adventure in life it had been.

Emily was a very quiet girl, not without a certain charm, but lacking the nerve and animation which insures popularity. She seldom mingled with young people but remained quietly at home with her father and mother, apparently contented with her life; and as far as was evident to the few who knew her best, never caring for a little journey into the world.

So the years passed until Emily was thirty-five. To-day as she sat there on the piazza in the cool of the evening, knitting rapidly and rocking gently, she looked the very picture of quiet, contented happiness.

Suddenly she laid down her work to gaze at an approaching figure; a man had entered the garden and was rapidly walking towards her; he was corpulent and well-dressed; he seemed to her like a stranger, but when he reached the steps, clearing them at one bound to stand beside her and exclaim:

"Well, Emily, don't you know me?" she at once recognized him, although he had greatly changed. The blue eyes were still the same, frank and open, but in all other respects William Stebbins had grown far less attractive in the eyes of Emily Bannister than on the night they had bidden each other adieu. His voice also seemed very loud and coarse,—it had always been so, though in the days of her obsession she had not noticed it.

A little chill ran through her, even her hands felt cold.

"Yes," she murmured, "I know you."

"Same old Bill Stebbins I always was, but I have a pocket full of money now, and a fine outlook for the future."

Emily's soul revolted, she did not know what to do. He sat down beside her, very close to her, she thought, moving a little away.

"Well, Emily," he continued, "you have not changed much, you look almost as young as

ever. Not married they told me down at the tavern where I put up this morning."

"No," she replied faintly, wondering if her father and mother in the living room behind could not hear and perhaps recognize the blatant tones.

"I have never forgotten you, Emily," he went on, unmindful of her silence, "although I *did* marry a very fine woman, who is now dead, and I have come on from Chicago particularly to see you."

The door opened, Dr. Bannister, who had been retired for some years, considerably older in appearance, stood upon the threshold. The man rose extending his hand;

"Hello, Doctor!" he said with assurance, "Remember me? I am Will Stebbins. I have not been in this part of the country for seventeen years, but I said I would come back and here I am. I have made my pile."

To Emily's surprise the doctor stepped forward, shook the man's hand heartily and said,

"You are the Stebbins, of Stebbins & Colquhoun? I only heard yesterday that you were."

"Yes, the same. Come sit down and we will have a little chat." He drew a comfortable willow chair forward and the doctor sat down. The two men engaged in lively conversation to which Emily, overwhelmed, paid little attention, she only wondered and wanted to get away. At last unable to resist the impulse, she left the piazza quietly, entering the living room by the French window behind her; the men did not seem to notice her departure. Her mother was sitting in her usual place reading.

"Who is that loud-voiced man talking to father?" the old lady inquired.

Emily told her, "And, Mother," she added, with more vehemence than she often showed in her speech, "I think he is horrid!"

Both to her mother and to herself the words seemed to make atonement for whatever in the past she had foolishly done. For a few minutes the mother and daughter conversed in low tones, the men still talking volubly on the piazza. Then the doctor appeared at the open window. Behind him came the visitor.

"Mother," said the old gentleman with a little hesitation, "this is Mr. Stebbins, of the Steb-

bins & Colquhoun Co., Chicago, perhaps you remember him."

"I do, slightly," rejoined the wife in a dignified tone.

"He is here on a visit from Chicago; I have asked him to stay to tea."

"Certainly," was the reply. Then turning to Emily, she said, "Daughter, tell Hephzibah to set another plate at the table."

Emily, glad to escape, departed. Will Stebbins threw himself with great force into an inviting easy-chair not far from his hostess, who suffering from an embarrassment which he did not share, could not utter a word. The doctor left the room and Stebbins, moving a little uneasily from side to side, did not know how to begin a conversation as he had never in his life spoken to the lady, except to answer "Yes'm," "No'm," in the days past when their intercourse was strictly on the subject of provisions.

In a few moments Hephzibah appeared announcing that tea was ready and they went to the dining room where Emily was already seated behind the cups and saucers. At the sight of the table before him, Stebbins' inner man quailed; a plate of thin bread and butter; a small platter of sliced cold meat; a dish of strawberries, with some inviting cookies beside them, lay spread out before him. He was very hungry; always a good trencherman, he had expected something different. As though half suspecting his disappointment, the doctor said;

"We are still old-fashioned people at Rippling Waters, Mr. Stebbins. We dine in the middle of the day, but I hope you will be able to make a comfortable tea, such as it is."

"All right! Oh, yes, thank you," replied the guest, who could have eaten every bit on that table and still felt hungry. It did not at all matter to him that the napery was exquisitely white and fine; the silver and glass polished; and the china of an old and rare pattern.

The slight meal was soon finished, once more they repaired to the living room and Stebbins took a seat beside Emily. He coughed uneasily and then said, "Well, Miss Emily," she noticed that he had added the title to her given name for the first time, "I think I'll be off, I have some business up the road and just stopped at Rippling Waters for the sake of old times."

She did not reply; he looked at his watch, it would not be too late he thought, for the *table d'hôte*, which was now being served at the hotel. Emily was silent, she did not know what to say; she felt crushed, disgusted, overwhelmed.

Stebbins rose to his feet, the doctor handed him a cigar which he took, lighting the match which the doctor also presented, on the end of the mantleshef, and taking a few puffs before he spoke again. His departure was hurried, with a muttered, "Glad to have seen you, hope we'll meet again." With some almost unintelligible replies from Emily and her mother, he turned towards the door which was opened for him by the doctor, who accompanied him to the top of the steps. They exchanged a few conventional words and the visitor left.

Returning to the living room, the doctor took up the evening paper without any remark; Emily and her mother seated together on the sofa were conversing in low tones; the last hour had developed between them a more complete understanding than had existed during the years that had elapsed since the frustrated love affair of the younger woman.

At length Emily rose and went into the dining room where Hephzibah, having performed her duties there, was standing examining the tablecloth which had been used at tea.

"Look here, Miss Emily," said she, holding it up with both hands, "Did you ever see anything like this? This 'ere cloth would have done us three or four times for tea if that queer man hadn't made a goffering machine of himself, folding it up in pleats under the table. And look here!" snatching up the napkin. "This looks as if he had been sitting on it for several days; and crumpled! He might have used it for ten dinners from the looks of it. The commonest fellow that ever sat down to tea in this house."

Emily could not help but smile at the woman's loquacious indignation, although somehow, she could not explain why, it gave her a feeling of guiltiness, as though she was in some way responsible for the situation.

"Never mind, Hephzibah," she responded, "those things can be easily laundered."

Returning to the living room she restored the chair, Mr. Stebbins had occupied, to its usual

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place. Glancing at the mantle shelf, she resolved to eliminate the black mark on the surface the first thing in the morning. She then took a magazine from the table and began listlessly to turn over its pages, unable to fix her mind on its contents; unfeignedly glad that no mention was made of the name of Stebbins, she yet wondered a little that her father, who had treated him so cordially, did not volunteer any remark concerning him. She knew very well that her mother would never have done so. At length she glanced at the clock, it was half past eight, rather early for bed, but she could endure it no longer, she must be alone. Replacing the magazine on the table, she rose, saying, "I believe I will go to bed, I feel sleepy."

"Yes?" inquired her mother.

"Do so," said the doctor.

Kissing them both good night, she passed into the hall. When the sound of her soft footsteps ascending the stairs had entirely ceased, and they heard her in the room above moving about, the doctor turned to his wife, saying with a chuckle, "Well, didn't I manage it all right, Mary?"

"You certainly did," she replied. "You certainly did."

"Emily is cured," rejoined her husband, once more resuming the reading of his evening paper.

As Emily laid her head upon the pillow she heard the whistle of the evening train which was conveying her former admirer to another

destination, after he had partaken of a bountiful dinner at the hotel, and shaken the dust of Rippling Waters from his feet, no doubt for ever.

On the following Saturday morning when Emily came to arrange the flowers for the altar, the priest thought he observed an unusual gravity in her demeanor;

"Miss Emily," he said, "aren't you feeling well to-day? You look pale."

"Oh, I am very well, Father," she replied, "but on Thursday afternoon a very disagreeable incident occurred which upset me considerably. I am getting my usual self back again by degrees."

The rector noticed a quiver of her lips and thought he saw a tear in her eye. She made no further explanation and it was not his part to ask questions, though being human as well as humane he naturally would have liked to know more of what had happened. He felt sorry that she should have ever been subjected to the humiliation of a proposal of marriage from one so entirely uncongenial as the man who had visited him on Thursday. Not for a moment did it occur to him that there was a shadow of truth in the story he had heard from the lips of the senior partner of Stebbins & Colquhoun. As the priest walked towards his house once more, a feeling of indignation arose in his bosom as he reflected on the episode, the *raison d'être* of which he was never to learn.

Nicholas R. Brewer, the Artist

MARY BLAKE RINGGOLD

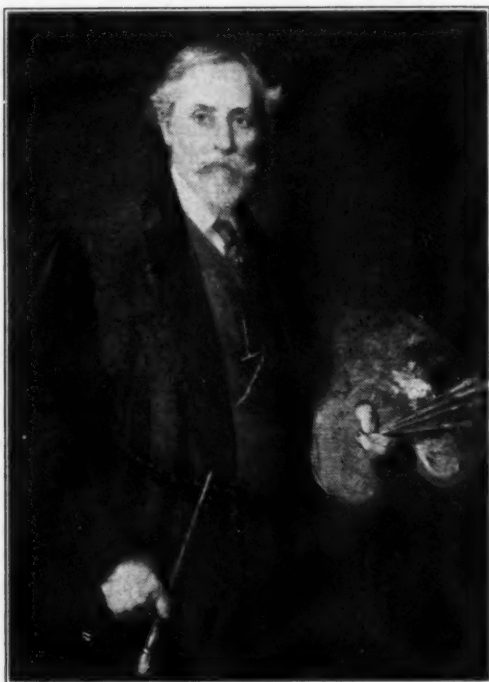
"REALLY, I think I am a very poor portrait painter, but perhaps the best likeness getter in the United States—and thereby hangs a long, long tale."

There was a twinkle in Mr. Brewer's eyes as he made this remark. He sat in his temporary studio in Knoxville, Tennessee, from the windows of which one looked out upon inspiring hills. On screens, right and left, hung scarves of many colors and tissue, to be donned by "sitters" whenever his artistic eye felt they would make a softer touch. Around him were

a number of his splendid portraits, some finished and some unfinished.

One is almost awe-struck as he gazes at the portraits that all but speak, yet is reassured on turning toward the man that created them, sitting there in his quiet, unassuming manner. His kindly eyes look into yours, as he talks, in a way that makes one feel that the artist is a brother to all the world.

It is said that an artist, to be great, must be a poet plus certain other aesthetic attributes. When only a tiny "tad" Nicholas Brewer



NICHOLAS R. BREWER

(Self-Portrait)

evinced the poetic in his nature. With a reminiscent look he said:

"I remember at times I would wander into the woods to sit and listen to the voices of birds, and one day fell asleep. This put the family into a commotion long after dark. Then it was that the dog found me and by his barking led the searchers to my forest bed."

Nicholas was but ten years old when he saw some colored prints which set his imagination ablaze. He began then and there to draw and paint. He had to work very hard on his father's farm, but his whole heart was in his art, and for sixty-three years the wielding of the brush has obsessed him.

When Brewer was a boy, Barnum's Circus—the first ever seen in those parts—appeared at Rochester, Minnesota, near his home. People came from far and near. The artist and his brother begged to go. The price of admission was only twenty-five cents, yet it was hard for their mother to scrape up the money, but she did by selling chickens. When the boys

reached the show grounds, Nicholas saw some immense hand-painted pictures of the animals and stood gazing at them spellbound. When he "came to," his brothers, who had the money, were nowhere to be seen. They had forgotten Nicholas and entered the tent. Nicholas told his troubles to the gatekeeper, but to no avail.

"At one side some workmen were making some guy ropes," said Mr. Brewer. "I lay down close to the tent and peeped in. One of the men, with an oath, grabbed me by the collar, yanked me around and kicked me outside the ropes.

"I was desperate. Was I not to see the circus? Not much! I skipped further around the tent, and would have climbed one of the guy ropes and, with my penknife, have slit a hole in the roof and tumbled in, but there was no one very close, so I raised the canvas and rolled in. There wasn't a thing in that big tent that I didn't see—the animals, the clowns, the horseback riders—but the big pictures I remember best of all."

Nicholas Richard Brewer was born in Olmstead County, Minnesota, where he spent his early life. His father could not afford to send him to an art school, but at nineteen Nicholas left home, bent on trying his wings alone in the world. He had but thirty-four dollars—the price of a load of wheat—which his father had given him. This was the first time Nicholas had ever been on a train. He went first to St. Paul, then a town of only about twenty thousand inhabitants, and there he stayed two years. His money soon gave out, but he managed to eke out an existence painting houses and barns.

At this period he was deeply worried over matters spiritual and material. At the boarding house where he stayed he saw a child's Catechism of the Christian Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. "I read it," said Mr. Brewer, "and found it outlined one's duty and answered certain questions that had been troubling me. This led me to a thorough investigation of the claims of the Catholic Church. Little by little I began to feel an assurance in the doctrine that something more than the Bible is necessary to a restful confidence in the teachings of Christianity." Soon he became a member of the Church, and made

his first confession to Bishop Ireland, which was a tremendous revelation to him of the right and wrong of human conduct. "The voice of this profound and conscientious gentleman speaking to a young man whose religious experiences had been mere gropings in the dark, left an indelible impression," he continued. "I went out of that confessional a new man."

The artist thought of entering the priesthood about this time, but he was twenty-one years of age, with very little education, and no chance of acquiring one, so he had to abandon the idea.

One day a newspaper advertisement attracted his attention. It was that of a man who claimed he could teach any one to make a perfect crayon portrait in one lesson. Mr. Brewer called on the man and was told that the charge was ten dollars, but Brewer had only eight, so the man said he would teach him for that amount.

The man took a photograph and pretended to show Nicholas how to make a crayon portrait from it, but produced no real likeness of the person represented. Finally he said: "That is all there is to it." Giving Nicholas the photograph and some crayon he showed him out.

"I felt he was a trickster," said Mr. Brewer, "but went home and, according to the instruction I had received, began to practice on the photograph of a friend, Father Valentine. After wrestling with it a day I succeeded in making a fairly accurate copy. When I showed it to Father Valentine he was surprised that I did such work and asked what I would charge for it. I told him eight dollars. When he brought the money he had with him another photograph and said if I would make a larger picture of that he would give me fifteen dollars. The following day I returned with the larger portrait. The Bishop happened to be there and gave me an order for three pictures at fifteen dollars each.

"From that time on I was able to get crayon portraits to do. Of course, I knew this was not art, but it was at least more agreeable than house painting.

"During my two years of house painting I abandoned all hope of becoming an artist, and those days were full of deepest regret.

"My acquaintance with Father Valentine

dated from the time I got him to let me paint the fence around the parochial school. Soon afterward the sexton of St. Mary's Church died, and Father Valentine suggested to the pastor, good Father Cailett, that I might perform that duty temporarily, which resulted in my going to live at the parsonage.

"Father Cailett took a deep interest in my work and urged me strongly to go to New York and enter an art school. Father Valentine, however, knowing that I was very much in love, urged me to get married and settle down, and it ended by my taking his advice.

"Poor Father Cailett was little less than disgusted with my lack of practical common sense. He argued that I should put off marrying until I had secured an art education and established myself professionally. I now see that he was right, for I have always felt the need of more thorough academic training in my younger days."

After knocking about for several more years, Mr. Brewer went to New York to study art. He was a pupil of the National Academy of Design, of Charles Noel Flagg and D. W. Tryon. He also came under the influence of Sargent. "Sargent," Mr. Brewer declared, "was our greatest American artist."

Finally Brewer established himself on Twenty-Fourth Street, New York, in the winters, and even though he painted many fine portraits he had a struggle. He lived in his studio and did his own cooking as a matter of economy. "A couple of boards across my dry-goods boxes, covered with a quilt, formed my only bed," said the artist. "Indeed it was hard and my bones often ached in consequence."

At this time his family were in Ridgwood Park, where he spent the summers, and every winter he hoped that the next year he could bring them to the city.

Father Ducey was then a well-known and popular priest, whose church was on Twenty-Eighth Street. A friend of Brewer's suggested that he get acquainted with Father Ducey, so the artist wrote Archbishop Ireland for a letter of introduction. When Mr. Brewer went to see Father Ducey, he was impressed with the character of his expression, his gray hair and a remarkable fresh color and asked the clergyman if he would not allow him to paint his pic-

ture. He said he was too poor to have it done and that he had always been opposed to such things but that he would come to see Mr. Brewer. The next afternoon he called at the studio and the artist again requested that he be allowed to paint his picture. Reluctantly he consented, after the artist had told him he would not consider it as a business matter.

"As sittings progressed he became more interested, and asked me many questions regarding my family," said Mr. Brewer. He evidently surmised my financial condition, with a family on my hands, was none too good, but, of course, I could not let him know the real facts. A friend must have told him, however, for a few days

later His Reverence, on leaving the studio, remarked that a lady had sent him money with the request that he place it where he thought it would do the most good and, as he had no money to pay for his picture, he felt he could do no better than give it to me and threw the envelope on the table. It proved to be a check for fifty dollars, enough to pay a back month's rent and buy something for my cupboard. Within a few days he repeated the kindness, but when I opened the envelope there was a check of his own for fifty dollars. Soon afterward he left another check of his own.

"It was said that Ducey had inherited a vast fortune and had literally given it away," con-



PICKING COTTON

N. R. Brewer

tinued the artist. "He had a most likeable personality, was a keen wit, was most brilliant in conversation and generously sympathetic toward everybody."

Mr. Brewer has also painted a number of other high dignitaries of the church, his portraits of Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Mundelein being among his masterpieces. Not only the beautiful color in the latter portrait has been much commented upon, but the scholarly and diplomatic countenance of the noted prelate have been described as full of character and compelling interest.

The list of portraits the artist has painted includes the names of many famous men and women: U. S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson, Ignace Paderewski, Margaret Anglin, and Maud Powell.

Mr. Brewer's favorite portrait is that of Ignace Jan Paderewski, the Polish statesman and world-renowned pianist. Paderewski has also been painted by the English John and Alma Tadema, the French Gerome and Bonat and by Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Mr. Brewer said that Paderewski commented on the latter thus:

"As royalty was painting me, I had to be polite, but she was slow." Mr. Brewer is quite the reverse, for many of his solid heads were done at one sitting. Modestly the artist admitted that Paderewski liked his portrait of him best.

Father Ducey never missed an opportunity to further Mr. Brewer's interests and acquaintance with his friends. One day His Reverence walked into the studio followed by Joseph Jefferson, whom he had invited to look at his portrait. Ducey told Jefferson he wanted him to let Mr. Brewer paint his portrait. Jefferson consented but said he would only have about an hour to pose for it. So it was on this occasion that Brewer painted him in the weird scene of Rip Van Winkle in the Catskill Mountains. "In posing for this," said Mr. Brewer, "when Rip hears the approach of hobgoblins," Jefferson suddenly said:

"No, no, this will not do! I am not Rip Van Winkle. Hold up a while!" He then walked around with his gun a few minutes and presently went back to his place and said cheerily: "Now I will try it again."

"Then, in his quiet, inimitable way, he put his right foot forward and became the living personification of Irving's unique character. 'Ah, now this is better. It is all right. Have you got it?' he exclaimed.

"While wrestling with his long beard and hair I felt I had lost some spontaneity of touch. 'Do you know how I would paint that hair, Mr. Brewer?' he asked. Seizing a rag on my table he dabbed it into some thick, heavy white paint, muddled it around and slapped it on the hair. It was a clever touch and splendid in its effect. I have never worked over that spot on the picture."

A great critic said of this portrait: "Note the animated eye, the firm set mouth, the flesh that lives and pulsates—in a word, the whole countenance of a great actor; and all done with a freedom and certainty and directness of touch that marks a complete and perfect art."

Father Ducey and Mr. Brewer went to see Margaret Anglin in her play "In the Wilderness." In one of the acts the character she impersonates having received a proposal from her sweetheart, wanders into a wilderness of doubt and uncertainty, and stands amidst the trees by a pool in which she gazes abstractedly picking off the petals of a flower and dropping them into the water. The artist thought he saw in this a theme for a picture and incidentally remarked it to Father Ducey. A few days later the clergyman called at the studio with Miss Anglin, ostensibly to see his own portrait, for he knew her and her family well. As in the case of Jefferson Father Ducey suggested her posing for Brewer. She did, and was an inspiration.

Yet all of the artist's contacts have not been so delightful. Often "sitters"—even though otherwise charming people—make so many comments and suggestions about their portraits that Mr. Brewer cannot express himself in his work. "People seem to look upon portrait painting as something to be made to order, like dressmaking," he declared. "I prefer landscape painting, but the public likes my portraits best, so portraits I must paint in order to make a living; either that or chop wood."

Mr. Brewer said that it is almost always the mouth that troubles people. He said, "A common remark is, 'There is just something

wrong about the mouth, but I can't tell you what it is.'

"A lady in Minnesota was very well pleased with her portrait," continued Mr. Brewer, "and gave a tea and unveiling, when everybody spoke their praises of my work, except one lady who picked very severely at the mouth. It had no life in it, she said. The lady vehemently defended the picture and exclaimed: 'My dear, I wish you to know that my mouth is not a moving picture.' Yet that is just what her mouth really was. It moved so rapidly that no instantaneous lens could ever catch it."

Mr. Brewer has also in his collection a number of landscapes and fancy pictures, and it is not to be wondered at that he prefers to paint these, wherein he can give full vent to his imagination and feelings. One of them, a masterly production called "Fading Glories," is of an Indian chief lamenting the vanishing of his tribe, as he looks away towards the setting sun. Chief Iux Oshy, a chieftain of the Chickasaws, who took the leading part in the Mission Play, posed for this. He is a full-blooded Indian, but a college graduate. The picture was painted with the chief standing on Mt. Rubideau near Los Angeles.

Another of these is called "Magdalene." Mr. Brewer says that the artist, Mr. Walter Clark, had frequently spoken of a young woman dancer whom he wished him to paint. "He felt sure," said Mr. Brewer, "if I could catch the swing of

her action, it would be a great picture. She came to the studio dressed for the inspiring dance and pranced about for me to catch an action. There was lots of action, but I felt no urge, nothing that would inspire me to paint. She was growing tired, I beginning to feel ashamed. After a little more dancing she sprang upon the model throne, where a piano bench stood. She seated herself sidewise and, with her hands clasped above, laid her head down. The light streamed on her shoulders, arms and back. Her profusion of red hair threw the face into shadow. She closed her eyes, resting. I shouted: 'Don't move! There,' I said, 'is my picture.' It expresses the spirit of introspection, repentance, sorrow, while we started in to paint the action, joy, abandon of the dance. It is one of my best pictures, so some artists say."

Mr. Brewer works with a zeal which nothing will damper, not even a painful attack of lumbago, with which he was suffering when interviewed. His deep love for his work is shown in his own definition of art:

"It is laughter, love, tears, heartbreak which enrich the soul, the mind, the heart of the artist and impel him to give his message to the world, and his message must be a poetic interpretation."

To profit fully by Holy Communion, we must receive with thanksgiving.

Tim

FRANCIS J. KENNEDY

IT surprised me when Mrs. Fagan telephoned and asked if one of the priests would come over right away. Her husband was very ill. The less than five minutes necessary to secure my sick call outfit gave me scant time to wonder over the suddenness and seriousness of Tim's illness. This was but Tuesday and Sunday night after Benediction I had talked with him as he locked the church. He had mentioned "a bit of a pain in his midships," but his offhand way of dismissing the subject compelled silence on my part. And now he was dangerously ill!

As I climbed the steps of his not large, yet not small home, I thought of Tim Junior,—Father Timothy Fagan, a missionary Father, perhaps even now ministering to some stricken person in far distant China.

Patrick Aloysius met me at the door with lighted candle; and the way he carried it spoke well for some Sister sacristan whose fine work had not been in vain. I resolved to ask Sister to select him for cross-bearer when the Bishop came for Confirmation. Patrick's "O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine" called for my response as his mother tried to

greet me as usual with: "A thousand welcomes to you, Father."

I put off my top coat as Mrs. Fagan explained Tom's illness. My mind took the impact of her news as my face would have taken a wholly unexpected and stinging blow. Her husband had cancer of the stomach in a very advanced stage. He might live a few months but more probably he would go at any time now as his heart, too, was treacherous.

"A bit of pain in the midships." And I had dismissed it as such.

In cassock, surplice, and stole I followed the candle-bearing Patrick up the winding stairway. There followed Eugene and Francis, twin grandsons of the sick man, their younger sister Ann, their mother, Mary Fagan O'Boyle, Mrs. Fagan, and District Attorney O'Boyle. The procession reminded me of the one to the Upper Room and the dolorous cortege of that succeeding Black Friday.

Entering the sick room, I smiled a reassuring nod as I passed the bed. It was lost on the occupant. His steel-gray eyes were fixed upon my hand which held close to my heart the burse containing the Blessed Sacrament. His voice, the tone of which, rather than the accent, carried the faintest suspicion of a brogue, was plain to hear as he recited St. Patrick's *Te Deum*.

Carefully I deposited my Precious Burden on the improvised altar-table, and knelt for a short moment in adoration of Jesus under the white cloak of the Consecrated Host. Then the *Asperges*, and Tim's confession. Turning to open the door to allow the family to enter, I was halted by the sick man: "I have what may be a last request to make of you, Father."

"Whatever you want, Tim," I replied, recalling how from the time of my appointment five months back as assistant at St. Patrick's this man had been my local street directory, my human encyclopedia, my kindly older brother, and my wise counsellor and friend.

Our hearts talked as the silence grew and suddenly my eyes blinded as I saw deep in his the shadow of his fast approaching end.

"I want to receive Holy Communion upon my knees, Father. Yes, I know all the doctor says about my keeping quiet, but it's the least I can do for our dear Lord Who comes to me,

a sinner, this lovely night. Who comes to me this lovely night," he repeated, slowly taking a long deep breath, "perhaps for the last time. 'T is the first time I ever received Holy Communion save in church. Do fix it with my family."

The hushed family filed back into the room. Four-year-old Mary with wonder growing grave in her smiling eyes, the twins with all the seriousness of their six years showing in their awed countenances, Patrick with his rose-white purity suffusing his freckled face.

Tim's order, kindly yet firmly given, "Patrick, haste now and get me that kneeling bench I made for Tim's homemade altar. It's in your room and often I do wonder if you use it as much as your brother did," caused consternation. His mention of the absent son's name brought a gasping sob from his wife. The family's amazed anxiety was submerged out of respect for our Hidden God Who waited now on Patrick's return.

Tim had a strong dislike for any finery. I was certain he had requisitioned Attorney O'Boyle's dressing robe, which his wife was now helping him into. He would think it scandalously close to vanity to own such an elaborate garment, yet it would not be beyond the old saint to borrow one for this occasion.

Unaided, he knelt, and with a "Tush now, dear," silenced Patrick, who had begun to recite the *Confiteor*. With a voice mellowed by years of prayer, he commenced. And it did seem as if the room were crowded with the heavenly court. His humility enveloped me as I held the Sacred Host and repeated the prayer, *Domine, non sum dignus*. With hesitating lips his voice trailed mine; his tear-dimmed eyes

Communion

ANNE ROBINSON

"Lo, I am with you always,"
The Love you crucified;
The Friend you scourged and, swearing,
Even thrice denied.

"Lo, I am with you always,"
What blessed words to be
Flaming on the dim maze
Of eternity.

gazed lovingly, expectantly upon His Savior, Who so soon—so very soon—was to be his Judge. There was no more faith in the prayer of that centurion centuries ago in distant Palestine than in the prayer of Tim Fagan, janitor for thirty-four years at old St. Patrick's; janitor and faithful Mass server at every early Mass that a sleepy-headed altar boy ever forgot.

After the anointing and the prayers of the Ritual, Tim looked at me with his old-time humorous gleam. "Mind, Sunday night how I told you I had a growing pain? It looks as if it's a saint I'll be growing into, if you'll say many a prayer for me. I never had the priest before, and I'm glad it's yourself who came. I liken you to my own Tim. And I think, Father, that the prayers of a young priest with the holy oils scarcely dry on his boyish hands must get a bit of special notice in heaven. You know, they're the youngsters in the Master's army. I think Father has something he wants to say to me," he informed his kneeling family.

I busied myself at the improvised altar, seeking composure and light on what I "wanted to say to him."

"Father, I know it's not wrong but I want you to tell me, is it all right if I use my own made-up prayers? There's one I like very well; it just came to me sudden-like one day when the devil seemed extra busy around me. Before I knew what I was saying, the words were out of my lips, and it's often indeed I've said it since then. 'Dear Jesus, my Master, give me of Thy manhood.' Is that all right now? Tell me, for 't is a habit with me, a habit I may be badly off without, if this blamed growing pain keeps on," he finished with a grimace.

"Tim," I told him with a voice that I hoped was as steady as his own, "that prayer surely

is all right. The people who lived at the time our Lord walked the earth asked of Him favors with just that faith. He never refused. His arm is not shortened. It is our faith that is lacking. You say that prayer, Tim. Say it often. And sometimes say it for me, Tim. I'll drop in to see you off and on. Good-bye, Tim, and God bless you."

"Thank you, Father, and may the good Lord bless you and His lovely Mother take care of you."

I left his room with his homely prayer on my lips, and God knows I needed "of His manhood" to console Tim's wife. Her "Blessed be the will of God" was firm, if it was said in tears; but her wild grief at this sudden change in her life was of equal strength as she pitifully wondered how she could ever live without him. The doctor, she told me, had said that Tim must have known periods of positive agony for some time, and pain in varying degrees for months before that. In tears she recounted how hard his life had been, how overjoyed he was when their first-born had gone to the seminary and the next two to the convent, and how always his thoughts had been for the children and her.

"When we were younger, I used to talk to him about getting a better job," she accused herself. "But after he explained the happiness he knew working about the House of God and the convent and school, my eyes were opened a bit and I gave over. It was Tim himself who should have been the priest, Father." She was sobbing now, with her children trying to stem their grief to comfort her.

"Maybe God wanted Tim to marry you in order that our generation should have more vocations to the religious life. Good parents are God's very own promoters," I reminded her. With a promise to remember them all at Mass the next morning, I blessed Mrs. Fagan and her dear ones and departed.

A soft wind was blowing. Little clouds like unravelled skeins of glossy white silks were drifting across the hollowed, star-studded turquoise of the summer sky. Pensively I walked home, thoughts of Tim accompanying me. I lived over my first meeting with him. The very day I had arrived at St. Patrick's a sick call had come in. The other priests were out. I found

The Blackbird's Wing

JESSIE ALLEN-SIPLE

Not like the hues
That steep the mountains
When the skies glow red,
Nor yet the autumn woods
Where leaves are spread;
More as the grapes
That in rich clusters cling,—
I mean the purple splendor
Of the blackbird's wing.

Tim in the boiler room of the church, and it was he who gave me the directions and went upstairs to light the candles that I might get the Blessed Sacrament. He asked me to stop in on my way back. I returned and he wanted me to give him my blessing. And when I had taken my hands—that since the wonderful day of my ordination have never seemed like the selfsame hands to me—from his bowed head he took them both in his own and kissed them. Rising, he drew out his red bandana handkerchief and wiped away the traces of coal dust from my hands, and in the act his Rosary slipped to the floor.

"What happened to the crucifix?" I asked. "I'll get you a new one."

"Never mind now. This'll do," he said, pocketing the beads.

But I, insisting on correctness, told him the Rosary was not complete without a crucifix, a figure of our Lord.

"I thought our dear Lord was on the cross long enough. I took Him off."

"What?"

Tim reached into an overall pocket near his heart and pulled out a spotless white handkerchief. Tenderly he unwrapped it and there on his silk-covered palm reposed the figure of Christ which he had taken from the cross of his Rosary.

"I tell Him He has suffered long enough, and that it's my turn now," he confided.

* * * * *

The moon was now darkening, and the church, as I approached, seemed swathed in dusky shadows, mourning its caretaker.

It did not surprise me, when I entered the rectory door, to hear the pastor telling me that Tim had died right after I had left his home. Surely in the Father's heavenly mansion there is place for a janitor saint.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

AS it is some time since this serious of articles began, before taking up the third method of practicing the presence of God, it might be well to review the history of the meetings at which the Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross offered stimulus to those students at the University of Notre Dame who already knew their religion and practiced it. We can best survey the matter, quite probably, by seeing the situation through a student's eyes.

When it was announced to us that every Monday a spiritual conference would be held in the south lecture room of the library, I did not pay any attention to the announcement, as I thought I knew enough about my religion and I figured that the conference would be a long drawn-out lecture and very uninteresting. But one evening a friend of mine in Freshman Hall asked me to go over to the conference with him. I objected at first but later decided that I might go over, since I didn't have anything else to do. By the

time the lecture was over I had changed my mind altogether, and I was sorry that I had missed the previous lectures.

At about the next to last conference, I began to check up to see how the conferences had helped me. I noticed that I was thinking of God more often during the day. I also noticed my Communion calendar had more days on it checked than before the conferences; and I was beginning to realize how little I knew about God and about my religion.

Next, the question box was introduced and I immediately submitted a question that I had been worrying about for quite a while. At the next conference Father answered the question in full, and I was well satisfied. I think the question box is the ideal thing.

I believe the conferences have been a big help to all of us, and I feel that it is the duty of every one to attend them.

Under the third method of practicing the presence of God we never forget that we are living ciboriums, that as Temples of the Holy Ghost, God is ever in our souls ready to converse with us. In this connection St. Laurence

Justinian says: "I am not aware of the existence of any means so effectual for curbing the rebellion of the flesh, for gaining purity of heart, for scaling rapidly the heights of virtue, as the frequent remembrance of our being ever under the eyes of that Divine Judge Who beholds all things."

Canon Sheehan's *Luke Delmege* (Chapter XXXVI) adds additional evidence, even though in the guise of fiction.

Luke had noticed with mixed feelings of pleasure and surprise that the village children were totally unlike in demeanor and conduct and methods of expression to any children of whom he had hitherto had experience. It was suddenly revealed to him that the respectful, subdued attitude, their reverence in church, their brisk politeness and attention to the aged and infirm, were very unlike the rampant and reckless boisterousness of youth. One day he came into the school at an unexpected time and heard the master, a grave man of middle years, saying to the children:

"Reverence is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence there is no faith, nor hope, nor love. Reverence is the motive of each of the commandments of Sinai—reverence of God, reverence of our neighbor, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded on it. Piety is served by it. Purity finds in it its shield and buckler. Reverence for God and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His services—that is religion, Reverence for our neighbor, his goods, his person—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean bodies and pure souls—that is chastity."

Father Donahue approached this matter of temptation most satisfyingly, emphasizing the fact that temptation is not sin. A student interprets the advantage of such a conference thus:

Telling a group of young men the dangers they will have to encounter in the business or social world makes them think more seriously about the condition of their soul. With the idea of preparing himself for such conditions a man will undoubtedly become more intimately related with God. When this condition exists and is kept in practice a person need have no fear of temptation, because the necessary precautions have been taken.

An experience of St. Gertrude's after Com-

munion made pertinent illustration. Unworthy thoughts flooded her mind, and prayer did not seem to help. After continuous impetration, the horror passed and Our Lord appeared to her. Overcome she murmured her unworthiness—to be comforted by Christ's word, "I was in your heart when you were fighting to keep your heart for me." A freshman on college level relates a similar experience. Upon coming out of the confessional or upon receiving the Host, the scourge of memory lashes his mind with unworthy thoughts. He was overjoyed to feel that so long as he fought the entertaining of such thoughts he was merely being tempted.

The next paragraphs are self-explanatory.

Father Martindale's *The Difficult Commandment* fixed his new point of view.

About a month ago you told us about the athlete who left an entertainment because it was not clean. I somewhat doubted this story, but since have had proof that such a spirit does exist at Notre Dame. One such proof came to me last night at Washington Hall, and rather forcibly. A bunch of us fellows were "whooping it up," laughing, talking, and putting on quite a bit of horesplay. The thing that set me thinking was the absolute lack of any demonstration whatsoever when a putrid story was told. I have also noticed that unless such a story contains real humor, it is never repeated.

My only regret is that I have not been affected in the same manner as have others about me.

The writer of the next paper is at all times unusually sincere and frank, as with St. Gertrude and the rest of us, prayer has done great things for him, too.

I make a plea for consolation that I may carry on in the grace of God. I know a young Catholic woman, a monthly communicant for years, who has given me some sound ideas on the right kind of friendship to look for. She believes if a fellow makes a habit of taking out different girls every time he dates, he is not sincere with himself; he is not to be trusted. She does not believe in toying with friendship. That way of looking at the question is so different from the point of view of the average young person, that even though I know it is the Catholic attitude, my hearing her express it put me

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in sympathy with her. I began to like her not only for her ideas but for her little mannerisms. I had to fight against liking her sensuously. That is how selfishness crept into my sense of love—first, I sought the love of God, and in deriving a soothing satisfaction from her friendship I sought the love of self, thinking in me she saw beauty. It was not my beauty; it was God's. I am still not the master of my passions—my faith is too weak. I failed at the work God gave me to do.

Because of these feelings I turn to prayer and meditation to give me more of God's confidence. They brighten my vision and stimulate my effort, as Coventry Patmore did Francis Thompson's, or as a St. Philip Neri would his flock.

At my desk to-day I could not pray, perhaps because I could not get away from feeling sorry for myself. Consequently the time dragged.

I know of none of my companions who will tell me of the things of God, except the books I read. That communion with God is Thompson's loveliness, his inspiration. Sometimes while reading, I cannot make out what I read. My mind goes blank.... Probably it is only an indication of my nothingness without God's grace. He is kind enough to warn me of my weaknesses, my utter dependence upon Him.

So long as we have our physical senses, it will be impossible to keep our minds fixed on God continually; we may look forward to such beatitude in heaven. But we can, with the help of grace, do much to counteract the distraction of sense, to hold communion as continuously and uninterruptedly as possible; and four great aids we may rely on: ejaculations, the use of the regular offering, having a stated time for recollection, and the use of mechanical helps.

To illustrate the use of ejaculations, Father Donahue mentioned Funston's march into Mexico. Every mile of advance necessitated the building of a mile of railroad and of telegraph communication so that the General was never cut off from the source of help and so that he might have direct appeal for aid. An ejaculation establishes just such a communication with Heaven, and one can understand how it is impossible ever to commit mortal sin if the ejaculation is used. Surely a person calling for help cannot give full consent of his

will to the thought or act for protection against which he is appealing. For follow-up, in class we distribute leaflets from the Ave Maria Press listing indulgenced prayers and aspirations from the *Raccolta*. Father Donahue mentioned: "Jesus, help me!" "My Queen, my Mother I give, I consecrate myself all to Thee!" "O Mother, by thy Seven Sorrows I ask Thee to pray for me!" "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee!" "Come, my Eucharistic Jesus, come!" "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee!" "My Jesus, Mercy!" "All for Thee, my Jesus, all for Thee!" "Come, Holy Ghost, enter my mind and enlighten me!" "Thy Holy will be done, not mine, O God!" "To know Thee and to love Thee, to make Thee known and loved!" "Dear Guardian Angel, pray for me!" "My patron, Saint——, pray for me!" He recommended, in addition, prayers for the poor souls, and litanies.

St. John Chrysostom tells us that this practice shuts the door against the devil who, on seeing a man in close company with God and far beyond all danger of consenting to sin, does not venture to attempt to effect an entry into his heart by means of his wicked suggestions. He tells us that it is not sufficient if we would keep water warm to put it on the fire only once; it needs to be kept there else little by little it loses its heat and becomes cold. Neither does it suffice, in order to become fervent and spiritual, that we enkindle holy affections within us early in the morning by an attentive and prolonged meditation. We must frequently during the course of the day by means of ejaculations draw near to the fire of divine love, that is, to God. In this way we keep up the heat of the fervor which was enkindled in the morning. If we do not do this we soon relapse into torpor and coldness.

(To be continued)

Stainless

WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

A chaste,
Unsullied mind
Is like the sky, where clouds
May sometimes pass, but never leave
A stain.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—A Catholic Action Crusade was conducted at Marygrove College, Detroit, from May 8-22, to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the publication of Leo XIII's Encyclical on the condition of the workingman. The meetings were held daily from 11 to 12:30, during which period was given a series of twelve to fourteen addresses each day by students of Marygrove College. Besides the talks in English, there were three addresses in Latin, five in French, three in Spanish, two in Italian, and one each in Greek, Polish, German, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Chinese, and Finnish. The subjects centered around the missions, the Eucharist, grace, philosophy, history, science, and fine arts.

—During the past fiscal year the Catholics of the United States gave \$1,251,000 for the propagation of the Faith. The total gifts of the world were only \$3,000,000.

—Eighty-eight San Quentin convicts received the sacrament of Confirmation from the Most Rev. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna on April 26. The sacred rites were performed at a rough altar built by the convicts.

—Members of St. Gertrude's parish in Chicago have contributed in a unique way towards the support of their church. At the request of their pastor, a collection of old jewelry was made among the parishioners; watches, bracelets, gold plate, and wedding rings were gathered and sent to a refiner. Enough gold was offered to make a chalice and a ciborium.

—The Reverend Richard B. Washington, rector of Sacred Heart Church, Hot Springs, Va., great-grand-nephew of President George Washington, was personally invited by Governor John G. Pollard to be present at the ceremonies held on May 14 to mark the 135th anniversary of the placing of Houdon's statue of General Washington in the Virginia State Capitol.

—The Trappist monastery at Chambarand in the Dauphine, founded in 1868 and abandoned at the expulsion of the religious orders from France, has just been reopened. It is to be occupied by the Trappistines—the female branch of the Order.

—When, during the singing of Vespers on a recent Sunday afternoon, lightning struck the church of St. Vougay, near Morlaix, in Brittany, eight persons were slightly burned before the bolt passed through a large hole in the wall and wrought havoc among the tombstones in the adjoining cemetery.

—The Church in Germany also has difficulties to contend with. Of the 550 deputies in the Reichstag, eighty are Communists, 110 National-Socialists, and 140 Social Democrats. The Communists are, of course, bitter in their war on the Church. The National-Socialists are fighting for a program that the German bishops have declared in pastoral letters to be the antithesis of Catholic teaching. The same may be said of nearly all Social-Democrats. The increased political

activity of the parties is creating a real problem for the Church in Germany.

—More than 1200 Episcopal clergymen, or one-fifth of the entire number in the American Church, are out of work to-day. Rt. Rev. H. P. Almon Abbot, Episcopal Bishop of Lexington, Kentucky, blames this condition partly on the inefficiency of the clergymen, partly on the proportion of ministers to the population. "There are many reasons," he says, "why our clergy are not effective, but we hate to go to the sources for our reasons. We should first go to the seminaries and see how often men are pushed along in their course of study. We are frank with ourselves. Doctrine, discipline, and worship are not played together."

—Frustrated in their attempt to stage a demonstration that would offend Christian sentiment, the young communists and atheists in Brunswick, Germany, retaliated by throwing ill-smelling bombs into the churches at Easter time. There were similar occurrences at Hamburg and vicinity. About 350 were arrested.

—On Sunday, May 3, the Holy Shroud, believed to be the linen in which Our Lord's body was wrapped for burial, was revealed for public veneration in Turin Cathedral for the first time in 33 years. The relic is the personal property of the King of Italy and when it was first exposed, only those of the royal household and ecclesiastics of Piedmont who received a special invitation were admitted to the chapel behind the main altar in the Cathedral. There were twenty bishops in cope and mitre besides the Archbishop of Turin. The relic is exposed behind a large glass above the high altar for the veneration of the public. For thirty minutes during the procession and exposition, every church bell in Turin was rung. The relic remained exposed to the view of all for three weeks. The Holy Shroud is a large piece of yellow linen of great antiquity bearing blood stains darkened with age. These stains are in the form of a human body. The marks of the nail holes in the hands and feet as well as the opening in the side are plainly discernible. The wounds of the hands, however, appear to be rather in the wrists than in the hands.

—In Providence, Rhode Island, telephone operators have their own charts of every rectory and parish house in the city and State, so that priests are summoned in the same manner as doctors, the police, and fire departments. The summoning of priests is a speedy process and it is not unusual for two or three or even four priests to be at the scene of an accident together and about the same time as doctors and ambulances.

—On May 17, the congregation of St. Andrew's, Murphysboro, Illinois, celebrated an event of rare occurrence. Four men of the parish completed on that date the fiftieth anniversary of their entry into the choir. All four have sung in the choir during the fifty years without an intermission. They are Mr. Samuel Bastien, Mr. Foss Martell, the present director of the choir, Mr. Joseph Borgers, and Mr. Henry Kraus.

—The annual ordinations sometimes bring to light interesting facts. Among a class of eight young men who were ordained at Denver early in June was the Rev. Clarence E. Kessler, a great-great-grandson of Chief Big Ox Walkee, a Canadian Indian chief, who took to wife a French girl. Father Kessler's great-grandmother lived to the ripe old age of 114 years.—Among those ordained at Baltimore on June 7th was the Rev. John P. Hamilton, a convert, who had spent two years at a Baptist college in Iowa. The leading factors in his conversion were the malodorous "Menace" and "The Faith of Our Fathers." The former, by its wholesale vitriolic onslaughts on the Church set him to thinking and investigating; the latter started him off on the right road.—The Rev. John P. Markoe, S. J., a classmate of Bishop Kucera at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., was manager of several crews of railroaders in the Northwest, then a cadet at West Point military Academy, where he starred among the athletes. Sometime after his graduation from West Point, he became a Jesuit. He is now teacher of astronomy at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska.

—Between June, 1929, and June, 1930, the number of Chinese priests rose from 1371 to 1446—an increase of 75. The Catholic population increased by 17,773. There were 50,109 converts, but the increase was reduced by deaths and migrations.

—A seminary for training European priests and missionaries for the South African Union was recently blessed and opened at Aliwal North by Bishop Henne-mann. The seminary was built by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart on a site given by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

—There are 46,170 Catholic missionaries working in various parts of the world. They are divided as follows: 12,959 priests, 5,112 brothers and 28,099 sisters. Of these, 4,304 priests, 1,315 brothers, and 11,399 sisters are native missionaries.

—Two more native Chinese Bishops have been named, one for the North and the other for the South of China. The present Pope has given to China thirteen native Bishops.

Benedictine

—A school for teaching useful crafts to boys has been opened by the Belgian Benedictine Fathers at Glenstal Priory, which was formerly known as Glenstal Castle not far from Dublin.

—Dom Bede Birchby, O. S. B., chaplain to the Benedictine nuns at St. Mary's, East Bergholt, England, for the past thirty-eight years, died during Holy Week. He was eighty-four years old.

—Mr. Ravago, one of the most popular orators of the Philippine Islands, who spoke always in Spanish, has entered the seminary to study for the priesthood and is seeking admission into the Benedictine Order. As a speaker Mr. Ravago was gifted with an unusual power of stirring crowds. He was at the peak of his popularity when he made his decision to enter the priesthood.

—The Benedictine monks of Prinknash, Gloucester,

known as the Caldey Benedictines, are devoting quarterly issues of their monthly publication "Pax" to the timely and interesting subject of the Eastern Churches. As the first issue of January, 1931, points out, this is a favorite phase of Church activity with the now gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pius XI. Since, as His Holiness stated in his consistorial allocution of the 18th of December, 1924, "the work of reconciliation can be carried on with success only if we eradicate from our minds our false notions concerning the belief and institutions of the Eastern Churches," this little paper has an important mission. It is, moreover, the only Catholic periodical published in English, devoted to the subject of the Eastern Churches and their reunion with Rome. For that reason, it is deserving of our hearty encouragement. Those who do not care to have the monthly edition of "Pax" can subscribe to the quarterly "Eastern Churches Numbers" for \$1 a year. The question regarding the East and West is well introduced in the first issue. In the April number we are delighted to see along with others an article on the Malabar Reunion, written by Mar Ivanios himself, who, together with Mar Theophilus, was received into the Catholic Church on September 20, 1930, retaining the Syrian Liturgy, rites, practices, and customs.

—"Fu Jen News Letter" is the new monthly printed by the Benedictines at the Catholic University of Peking, which, in the few years of its existence, has become the chief educational center of China. Recently the University was fortunate in procuring the largest printing equipment in the city of Peking, and the "News Letter" does it justice. Number one appeared in March and is the beginning, no doubt, of a long series of volumes, which in years to come will be a source of history. The first edition's eight pages of four columns, chock-full of Eastern World news and richly illustrated, introduce us to the Faculty of the University. It gives us, too, a description of the work being done by the newly arrived Benedictine Sisters who have gone to the Far East to found a Women's College, which is to be an integral part of the Catholic University. The growth of this project is phenomenal, the blessing of God has been generously given to it. "Fu Jen News Letter" will be an honor to any reading table and an acquisition to any library. The subscription price is \$2.00 for one year or twenty cents for a single copy. Address: The Circulation Manager, News Letter, Catholic University, Peiping, China.

—For the first time the *Bulletin* of the Catholic University of Peking was printed at the University last December. This was the seventh bulletin published by the school, but heretofore, the printing had been done at the Archabbey of St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania. The *Bulletin* concludes with a chronicle of the principal events at the University since May, 1930.

Those who receive Holy Communion often and fervently will one day stand with unbounded confidence in the presence of Christ the Judge of the living and the dead.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Is the "Life of Christ" by Giovanni Papini a recognized account of Christ's life? I have a translation of this book by Dorothy Canfield Fisher in which she follows the King James version of the Bible. Should this work be read by a Catholic?—Harrison, N. J.

Giovanni Papini's "Life of Christ" is a beautiful piece of literature, but it is not an authentic account of the Life of Christ. Theologically, it is not to be accepted as a true version of the Life of Christ. It is permissible reading for Catholics and there are many things to be found in it that are very edifying. But the work is to be classified with such writings as "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," "Tarry Thou Till I Come," and the like. Let me recommend as true versions of the Savior's life such accounts as those given by Father Cochem, Father Meschler, and the like. The translation of Dorothy Canfield Fisher is done by a member of the Anglican Church and hence the biblical texts are not from the authorized Catholic Bible.

Do the Oblate Fathers have a College in the State of Illinois?—Chicago, Ill.

Yes. Saint Henry's College at Belleville, Ill., is under the care of the Oblate Fathers.

My niece, who is a Catholic girl, has been called "Lo" from her very birth. Is that the name of a Saint or only a nickname?—Rochester, N. Y.

Strange to say, "Lo" is a variant of the name Libaria and this is the name of a Saint. Saint Libaria was a sister of the martyrs Saints Elaphius and Eucharis and her feast is commemorated on Oct. 7th.

Is it a sin for lay people to make the Sign of the Cross on persons or things?—Kansas City, Kans.

There are a great many lovely and old-fashioned Catholic practices in which the Sign of the Cross is used by good Catholic people in the way you ask. Many Catholic mothers, when they put the children to sleep at night, sprinkle them with holy water and make a small cross on the forehead to beg God's protection during the night. The editor of this column remembers vividly how his good mother never cut a new loaf of bread without first making a cross with the knife on the bottom of the loaf. Still other parents, when a child injures itself, have the custom of quieting the little one by telling it how Our Lord will make the hurt better and then make a small cross on the injured part of the body. As long as such practices are cultivated from a spirit of faith and piety and not out of superstition, they are very praiseworthy and to be highly commended.

I was surprised this month to read in a Catholic magazine that Prince Hohenlohe of Germany was a

Lutheran Protestant; is that statement true? I was under the impression that he was a Catholic.—Newark, N. J.

And you were right in your impression. Evidently the author of the article referred to does not know his history well. I would suggest that you read the very splendid little biography of Prince Hohenlohe as found in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. VII, Page 384.

Would you recommend the book "Mixed Marriages," author anonymous, published by Harper and Bros. as good literature?—Caldwell, N. J.

I certainly would not. By best Catholic book reviewers the book has been condemned as false doctrine and dangerous morality; and such a book is not to be read by Catholics. There are many splendid writings on the same matter by reputable Catholic authors and any priest will be very happy to recommend some thoroughly Catholic volume on the matter in question.

I have a Bible which belonged to my grandmother and the title page states that it is translated from the Latin Vulgate of the English College at Duway, A. D. 1609, and the English College at Rheims A. D., 1582. Is this an authentic Catholic Bible?—Scranton, Pa.

Yes, it is. The Duoi-Rheims version of the Sacred Scriptures is an authentic translation of the Bible and is recognized by the Catholic Church as a true translation of the sacred writings.

I am a convert and when my son was born we named him Achilles. The priest who baptized us did not change any of our names and I am wondering if my son's name is that of a Saint?—Indianapolis, Ind.

Yes, your son's name Achilles is a Saint's name; in fact, there are several Saints of that name. Perhaps the best known Saint of that name is the one whose feast occurs May 15. He was a deacon and monk at Petsherskoi monastery at Kiev in Russia.—The baptismal name of our present Pope was Achilles.

Where did the Feast of the Guardian Angels first originate?—Dodge City, Kans.

The first request for permission to have a feast in honor of the Guardian Angels came from Cordova in Spain and was celebrated in that city on May 10th. After the cities of Toledo and Valencia followed the custom of Cordova, Pope Paul V on September 27th, 1608, placed the feast in the general calendar of the Church and asked that it be celebrated on the first free day within the octave of the Feast of St. Michael. The feast now generally takes place on the 2nd day of October.

Bluebells and Hollyhocks

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

I wonder why the hollyhocks step back
From the stone wall as if afraid of me—
While the bluebell, with personal concern,
Climbs the porch trellis and the tall ghost tree.

Some folks I know are like proud hollyhocks—
Quite self-sufficient in tranquillity.
While other folks I know are like bluebells
And cling to all the barren lives they see.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE INDIAN SITUATION

(Continued)

"The greatest mistake," writes Mr. William Ather-ton Du Puy, who has investigated Indian conditions, "that has been made by the Government, was rationing the Indian, because it plunged him into decades of enforced idleness." The Indian was given land; his children were taught farming in the Government schools, and then sent back to the reservations, where they were expected to use their knowledge. But in the first place, the land was dry and rainless; in the second, to make a success of farming, one must have technical knowledge, business ability, industry, foresight, and the capacity to concentrate through the years on a single purpose. The Indians had always been nomads, and they accumulated nothing which would burden them on moving day. It was a new idea to have to settle on one spot and stay there; then, the Indian had no idea of individual ownership. He was a member of a band in which everything was held in common. If one member raised a crop of potatoes, he shared them with all his band. Many of the old Indians are set in their ways, and object to any innovations which the youngsters may bring back from their schools. But many of them do try to farm; the Dakota land is good, rich, and black, but alas, there is lack of moisture. If the Government would make an appropriation for laying out a system of irrigation for the Indian, it would put heart into those who so conscientiously try to support themselves, but each year find their labor is all for naught.

The Indian is as fit material for industry as anyone else. A careful study, made recently, revealed that he has a manual dexterity that is exceptional. He is fas-

cinated by machinery and quick to learn its operation. He also takes readily to carpentry. He learns the manual trades as readily as the white boy. The Indians who have learned to work in the building trades or shops, have made good.

Here, then, would seem to be the solution of the Indian problem; instead of making useless appropriations for things which do not help the Indian, irrigation would solve matters for the farming Indians, and for those who have a bent for mechanics, Government-run factories right on the reservations would help provide employment for those whose industry and energy and education are now being wasted in idleness. An irrigation system would also help our many missions, whose crops yearly burn up, instead of helping to provide food which would make them self-supporting. Much agitation is needed to arouse Government heads as to the people's wishes in various matters; if public opinion were brought to bear strongly enough on officials who are in charge of these affairs, perhaps something might be accomplished.

Our missions are doing their level best to bring the Indians out of their misery and lethargy—as much as possible with what funds they have—which are few, and always at the disappearing point. They could not take in the old Indians and house and feed them, but they have done the next best thing—taken in all the children they could possibly find room for, clothed, educated, fed and taught them about God and religion. They even clothe the older folks, as far as their charity bundles permit, and this has helped immensely to relieve the bitter poverty. Let us continue to send out every stitch of clothing we no longer need, for if ever there was a corporal work of mercy, "To clothe the naked," this is one.

The pity of all this is, that the children, having become used to cleanliness, good habits of sanitation and neatness, having been educated and taught useful occupations, must return to their dreadful homes—almost as bad as living in the Stone Age, where, when their clothing wears out, they must often go barefoot, sleep on the ground, eat out of the common pot, and otherwise share in the bitter poverty of the family.

IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION MIS-
SION

We hear from



INDIAN TIPI AND THREE ORPHANS



A SIOUX INDIAN PRINCESS OF TO-DAY

Stephan that Father Pius is still not in perfect health—still not able to say Mass, though that is his one greatest desire—to get well and be able to say Mass again. Let us all unite in prayer that this good Father may regain his health, and be spared yet a long time to the mission he loves. Sister Mary Anne, the Superior, writes that they would be very grateful for shoes, slippers, stockings, thread, summer underwear, bloomers, apron goods. Go over your closets and weed out anything you no longer need, and slip into the bundle a couple of spools of thread, and a yard or two of apron gingham. It can be bought very cheaply just now; in fact, by the bolt, very substantial reductions are made, and mission clubs or societies might be able to buy such a bolt for Sister. She would surely smile if she saw a bolt of cloth coming her way, since she is mostly obliged to make things out of short pieces and odds and ends, and it is so pleasant to be able to cut just what you need from a bolt. Who will give Sister this joy?

We have a nice letter too, from Doris La Croix of Immaculate Conception. She tells us all about the mission buildings.

Dear Readers,

We want to thank all of you for being so good to us, and we are praying every day that our Lord will bless all of you. We pray very hard, especially at Mass and when we go to Holy Communion. So now I will take you for a visit to our mission.

Now here is the first building; that is where the girls and boys stay and sleep. We have our playrooms there, and one class room, where the third and fourth grades go to school. There is a glass door a little way from there, and that is the Chapel where we pray for you. It is very nice to have Jesus in the same house where we stay and sleep, isn't it? Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you; see, in that niche above the front door is the statue of our Blessed Mother. We little Sioux love our Heavenly Mother very much. Do you too?

A few steps east, there is an old frame house, over 40 years old. That is the dining room and kitchen, where the children, priests, and Sisters eat. It is pretty wiggly and leaky though, because it is so old. On the roof is a tower with a bell in it, and believe me, our "tummies" sure are glad when it rings, because it calls us to "come and eat," and we sure hurry and go too. A little distance from this building is a store for the farmers living around in this part of the country.

Over there at the southwest is a low building which Father Justin uses as his office. Here he opens and reads all the nice letters he received from our good friends, and we pray every day that Father Justin may get a lot of these fat and heavy letters.

Straight on from the office is the new priest house, where Father Pius lives. Just think, he is in his 80th year. He was sick and in Pierre Hospital for quite a while. He is back again, but cannot say Mass yet. We children like to go over and visit him, but we cannot go as often as we used to, as he cannot stand much noise. He surely has a famous birthday; it is on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February. On May 5th is his Saintsday, and we are practicing a program for him, to which we invite all of you good and kind people to come. The postoffice is in the priesthouse too.

(To be continued next month)

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Father Sylvester writes: "Our Indian children are planting trees to-day. We bought a lot of seedlings, and also had some donated to us. The seedlings cost very little. By setting them out in a sort of garden, they will grow up in a few years to a four or five foot tree, and then they can be transplanted to a permanent location. Trees are at a premium in Dakota, the prairie state.

"Melvin Packard, eleven-year-old Indian school boy, died very suddenly the other day. The little fellow received his First Holy Communion, and was anointed twenty minutes before his death.

"We wish to thank the many good people who were so kind to us during Lent. Some sent donations of money, others sent boxes of clothing and even groceries. We were very grateful, as these donations helped us over about the hardest bump we have ever encountered. While we have nothing in our treasury to-day, yet we have managed to pay the most urgent of our bills, and I am breathing more freely again.

(Continued on page 136)



AT RONDLET CONVENT

MARY E. MANNIX

Three young orphans, sweet and fair,
In the Convent's holy care,
All day flitting here and there,
Fervent at their nightly prayer,
Loved by all at Rondlet—
And they loved each other well.

Three tall school girls, straight and strong,
Sped the gay departing throng,
While they sing their joyous song,
"Here we stay where we belong,
Loved by all at Rondlet"—
And they loved each other well.

Three old Sisters, each sweet face,
Bright with sanctifying grace,
Mary Magdalene, and Blaise,
Rev'rend Mother Anastase,
Loved by all at Rondlet—
And they love each other well.

A CINDERELLA OF TO-DAY

M. F. M.

Which of us, when we were children, didn't love a fairy story? Goldilocks and the three brown bears, the Sleeping Beauty, Snow White and Rose-Red, we loved them all, and with many of us our favorite story was of Cinderella. We revelled in the tale of the poor young girl whose beauty and goodness, though hidden from every one else, were discovered by the Prince, who made Cinderella a Princess, transformed her rags and tatters into gleaming silk and satin, her life of ugliness and hardship into one of happiness and luxury. A fairy story right enough, but I would like to tell you of a spiritual Cinderella, a Cinderella of our own very day, Margaret Sinclair, whose beauty and virtue were almost unrecognized while she lived, but were at the end of her life discovered, and may be one day gloriously acclaimed.

We all know something of the lives of the saints, and often their lives are so different from our own—their virtues are so heroic, their opportunities for good work so great, their deeds so noble, that there seems to be no common ground between their daily lives and ours. I think it is part of the secret of the Little

Flower's charm for us all that her life more nearly approaches ours; she achieved her sainthood out of little things, practicing the everyday little virtues, and so encourages us to do the same. And that is why I am anxious to tell you something of the story of Margaret Sinclair, an ordinary working girl, who died in 1925, after living seemingly the most ordinary of lives, and yet she attained such great virtue that her cause has already been presented for canonization at Rome, and this effort has the blessing of our Holy Father himself.

If Margaret is canonized, she might well become the patron of the working girl of to-day. She has been rightly called by one of her biographers a spiritual Cinderella, so drab and colorless her life seemed; but her rare and shining virtues, hidden from the world like Cinderella's, may attain a great reward.

If some fairy, a spiritual fairy, an angel from heaven, were to offer us a choice of life by which we could become a saint, would any of us choose to begin our life of saintliness by being born in a basement room in a city slum? Would we choose to spend all our life in the world in grinding poverty, living in a three-room tenement, sharing it with father and mother and five brothers and sisters? Would we choose for ourselves crowded city streets as a playground, and a life of hard and menial labor as the best way for virtue to flourish?

Yet this is the background of Margaret Sinclair, born in March, 1900, the third of six children of a Scotch convert father and an Irish mother, in a basement room of a house in the slums of Edinboro. The family were of the poorest of the poor. The father was a scavenger earning a meager wage; they suffered sickness and privation, but the children had the greatest of all treasures—education in a Catholic school, and the example of devout, fervently Catholic parents.

Little Margaret attended the Sisters' school until she was fourteen, but seemed no more remarkable there than any other child. Her teachers remember nothing special about her except that she 'never gave any trouble.' Her schoolmates remember her mostly not for piety, but for being good at games, for running races at the school picnics, which she loved to win, for being a good swimmer, and good at catching ball.

But at home, Margaret's virtues shone brighter. At twelve, she nursed her mother tenderly through a long and serious illness; she took care of the young children, and was the beloved and constant companion of

her older sister, Bella. She was a cheery little thing, and loved to laugh; she used to urge Bella to smile at people, even if she didn't quite feel like it. One of her regrets was that she could not sing. She was generous—one of her great treats was to run off to her favorite shopping place, the Penny Bazaar, and buy a little gift for one of the family. Already, she loved our Blessed Lord devotedly. At Christmas she and Bella visited all the chapels around, to see which one had the prettiest crib for the Infant; during Lent and Christmas time she kept count of her extra Hail Mary's, so she could offer them to Baby Jesus as a present.

Nothing sublime or heroic in all this surely, but it was the stuff that made a saint!

At fourteen, Margaret left the Sisters' School and went to work as a French polisher. It was hard, laborious work for a young girl, rubbing some sort of shellac or polish onto wood, every day from eight till six, but Margaret did it well.

And at work, as at school, her life on the surface seemed no different from that of hundreds, thousands of working girls to-day. She loved nice things, like every normal girl, pretty clothes and jewelry, though she could not afford them. She was particular about her appearance; in surroundings where merely to be clean meant an effort, she tried hard to be dainty. We can imagine her "window-shopping" with Bella, admiring the things they could never hope to have. But she and Bella did the next best thing—they went to night school to learn how to sew and make hats, and they frequently remodeled their things so as to be right in the fashion. Her mother sometimes thought her extravagant—here's a common bond with every girl!

Margaret liked dancing, too, and went often to the parish dances with Bella and their brother Andrew—and like many another girl it was often a struggle for her to get up next morning.

Isn't this a picture of the typical girl of to-day? Nothing here very saintly; but all this is only one side of Margaret. There was another side which few knew of, or even guessed.

Margaret liked to dance, but when she came home late from a party she did not skimp on her prayers. She said them all, including the rosary, without fail. "I have enjoyed myself, and now I must give God His share," she would say. And no matter how hard a struggle it was to get up in the morning, she never missed daily Mass. After a hard morning's work, she found her rest and solace by spending her noon hour before our Blessed Lord in the tabernacle; sometimes from sheer weariness she even fell asleep before Him there. She frequently fasted all day from breakfast to supper; in the place where she worked the men, who tried once or twice to repeat one of their stories to her, passed the word among themselves: "she is a good girl, leave Margaret Sinclair alone."

No high adventures, no great conflict fell to the lot of Margaret Sinclair. She had only ordinary intellect; she never did learn to spell, and her grammar wasn't very correct. Her life seems so commonplace, so very

simple for a saint, but as one priest said of her, "you try and practice it yourself." Her sister, after Margaret's death, writing about her life at this time, said, "I have never seen her commit a fault. She was always so charitable, so gentle, so thoughtful, so careful."

When Margaret was nineteen, she met a young man, an ex-soldier, a Catholic who had practically lost his faith. Through Margaret's example and coaxing he came back to the Church, and so good and exemplary a Catholic did he become that his parish priest, meeting Margaret for the first time, anxiously inquired if she were a very good girl, fit to be the companion for this fine young man. The young man—we don't know his name—asked Margaret to marry him, and kind-hearted Margaret fearing that he might go back to his old ways, if she turned him down, accepted him, though she frankly said she did not love him, and had no desire to marry any one at all. The engagement went on for some time, but Margaret became more and more unhappy about it, and finally after seeking advice from a priest, broke it off. The young man though sadly hurt and disappointed, forgave her and remains a fervent Catholic.

In the months that followed, Margaret prayed harder than ever. She worked hard as always from eight till six every day, but spent more and more of her free hours in Church. She and Bella made a retreat at a convent in Edinboro which gave them both great joy and peace, and on the 20th of July, 1923, Margaret, at the age of 23, still under the guidance of the priest whose advice she had sought before, entered the order of the Poor Clares Colettines, and was received in their house in London. (Bella had some months previously joined the Little Sisters of the Poor.) She took the vows, and the name Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds.

As at school and during the years she worked, Margaret in the convent seemed no more than an average sister of the community. She fasted and prayed like the rest, worked in the garden, and occasionally went out into the London streets to beg like the others.

But the time of her testing and her great opportunity to prove her love for her Lord soon came; early in 1925 Margaret developed tuberculosis of the throat; undoubtedly this was caused by the privation and hardness of her early life. The disease developed rapidly; she was sent away from her beloved convent to a sanatorium in the country conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Her suffering during the whole of her illness was intense; she breathed with the greatest difficulty, she could not retain food, fever exhausted her and wasted her away to skin and bone, she slept hardly at all; she literally coughed her life away; but she never spoke one word of complaint. Joy filled her heart to overflowing because she was privileged to suffer with her Lord.

And now it was that Margaret's hidden virtues were discovered. The nuns who took care of her, the other patients in the house, chance visitors, all were impressed by her heroic endurance of unceasing pain,

her cheerfulness, her piety; Margaret's room became a place of inspiration and solace and happiness to all who entered. More and more visitors, among them a bishop and other high clergy, were brought to see her, and though exhausted by suffering, Margaret's cheerful smiling welcome never failed. Father Agius, the priest who had guided her into the convent, came from Edinboro to visit her twice, and he came away firmly convinced that he had been in the presence of one of our Lord's chosen ones. After six months of agony, in November, 1925, Margaret died as she had lived, in love and prayer and peace.

Her story would seem to be ended, but our Lord would not have it so.

Immediately after her death, Father Agius, S. J., received permission to tell Margaret's story in the schools and from the pulpit. It made a great impression throughout Scotland. Thousands of copies of the little booklet of her life were sold, and in three days 10,000 copies of a little leaflet concerning her were taken from one church alone. Many favors were reported granted through her intercession. A national committee was formed under Lord Abbot McDonald which presented her cause for canonization, and we now await the verdict of Rome.

Is not this story of Margaret Sinclair really a sort of heavenly fairy story? This little girl of the slums, a veritable Cinderella, who spent most of her life in a crowded tenement, working as a furniture polisher from eight till six, the daughter of a scavenger, may one day soon be transformed before us and don royal robes as a princess in the greatest kingdom of all, the kingdom of Heaven.

NOTE:—For further information address Secretary, The Margaret Sinclair Guild, Catholic Young Women's Club, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—Acknowledgment of favors and graces received, etc., should be made to the Secretary, who will forward this information to headquarters in Scotland.

LETTER BOX

Little LETTER BOX, why are you so blue? No one writes to you? Only two letters this time? Well, that is too bad. But don't worry. You know this is vacation time, and everyone is so tired of pens and pencils, that it is hard to hold one long enough to write a letter.

And see! One of these letters is from a boy. Now, that is very encouraging. Adrian Emery, 25 Cora St., River Rouge, Michigan, writes for the first time. He wishes to hear from boys and girls about the age of 16. He wins a button, too. Write again, Emery.

Rita F. Raske, St. Mary's Rectory, Prairie View, Ill., has not forgotten us. She tells something unusual. Just read her letter and see what news she has to tell. She must have a B-Z-B Button.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

To-day (May 30) pride fills me, not self-pride, but pride for my country. To think of all the men who

have died for this glorious country of ours. On account of rain, however, we are unable to celebrate to-day. The festivities are postponed until a later date. To-day, however, is not only Decoration Day, but it is also the feast St. Joan of Arc, that wonderful girl who saved France from the English and Rhenish warriors, or soldiers.

The first time I read the Children's Corner, I realized that I should belong to it. Up to this time, however, I just couldn't seem to be able to write a decent letter, I mean, a letter such that you would like to preserve (I don't mean "canned"). Last month I first read the "Corner," to-day I am writing to ask admittance. I would like to call myself your nephew, and also a "Cornerite." Do I deserve a fidelity button?—Hopefully yours, Adrian Emery, 25 Cora St., River Rouge, Mich.

My Dear Aunt Agnes:

Won't you please accept a prodigal. I guess I stayed away for a while and forgot to write. I'm anxious to get back and let everyone know I'm here.

My! girls and boys, some of you have been neglecting the dear old Children's Corner, haven't you. Well, you'll just make up for it by sending in some real newsy letters.

Jubilee week is over in Chicago. I spent the entire week there. It was a big event for Chicago. Just lately a group of army bombers passed over Chicago and delighted huge crowds of people that lined the lake front by their maneuvers. It was estimated more than a million Chicagoans turned out for the event. Papers gave an account of this splendid aerial pageant. Although I was unable to be there, I saw most of the 659 planes pass over this countryside on their way to Chicago. This pageant which consisted of a mock-combat which thrilled the crowds by the "War" in the air was merely to show the fitness of the army planes.

Enough of that; I certainly was pleased to see a letter from my very dear pen pal, Mary Jilk, asking admittance to the Corner. I'm sure she's very welcome. Some boys and girls should write to her. I would like some new Correspondents too. If anyone would like to know about Chicago, I'll be glad to tell you anything I know of this famous City.—A loving Cornerite, Rita F. Raske, St. Mary's Rectory, Prairie View, Ill.

STEPPING STONES

Don't be churlish over hardships;
They are stepping stones to God.
Though so near the earth you're walking,
There is hope in every clod.

Turn your hardships into milestones,
And your sorrows into gain;
Strength and stamina you garner,
From each bit of conquered pain.

—SELECTED.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 132)

We do not know what the summer months will bring. Perhaps we shall have to borrow again, as we have done in the past, unless our good friends keep on helping us.

Sister Rita is getting ready for a Japanese play.

"Anyone having white dresses, wreaths and veils they no longer need will find a welcome for them here for the Indians' First Communion. Also toweling and bleached sheeting is needed."

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Damian writes that three or four more sewing machines are needed in the sewing room so that more girls may work at one time, without waiting for a machine to be unoccupied. There is much spring clothing to be made, and dresses from charity boxes to be made over. Readers in the past have responded generously for sewing machines. These may be obtained in St. Louis for \$5, \$7, \$10, etc. Freight is \$2 and crating \$2. Anyone wishing to send in any of these amounts, may send it to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and the best machine for the money will be selected.

Father Damian continues: "On Sunday, Mass at Crow Hill was as usual—that is, every other Sunday. Having sung High Mass and preached, Father Ambrose had to hurry to another mission—St. Jerome's, to celebrate the sacred mysteries. It was close to noon. After the services, at 1 P. M., he blessed one marriage and had three baptisms. The collection from both these services amounted to exactly thirteen pennies. Don't you think a gangster would make a rich haul, if he waylaid a missionary?"

(Continued on page 142)

Abbey and Seminary

—The first footings for the steel and concrete pillars of the new Minor Seminary were poured on May 18th. A month later two floors had been poured and preparations were making for the third floor. The construction company plan to have the framework of the whole structure of three wings, four stories over a basement, under roof in three months. By September, 1932, the building should be ready for use. In excavating where the old printing plant stood, the power shovel encountered thick strata of sandstone, which necessitated much blasting each day. Tremors, quakes, flying pieces of stone, broken window panes, were some of the "by-products" of the piercing blasts.

—The annual ordinations on May 24 and 25 brought many visitors, who filled the church to overflowing. The Right Reverend Bishop Joseph Chartrand, D. D., arrived at the Seminary towards evening on the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday. That same evening the clerical tonsure was conferred on twenty-five students of first year theology, who on the following morning received the two minor orders of ostiary and lector at

the Right Reverend Bishop's Mass. On the same occasion the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte were conferred on sixteen seminarians, while fourteen others where promoted to the subdiaconate. Of these latter twelve were ordained deacons at Pontifical High Mass on the 25th. In this same Mass twelve deacons out of a class of sixteen were priested. One of the class had been ordained some weeks previously, while three others were ordained by their respective bishops. Father Hildebrand Elliott was the only member of the class who belonged to our community.

—The Majority of the First Masses were offered up on Trinity Sunday, May 31. Father Hildebrand went to his home at Fancy Farm, Ky., for the happy occasion. The Rev. Rudolph Carrico, another son of the parish, celebrated his First Mass at 8 a. m. and F. Hildebrand at 10 a. m. the same morning.

—Corpus Christi, which fell on Thursday, June 4, was a beautiful day. Because of building activities now going on, the procession after the Solemn High Mass did not as in former years encircle the brow of the hill on which the Abbey stands, but wended its way down past the old parish church to the parochial school, where halt was made for a few moments, then proceeded westward for a block to the concrete road that winds its way up the hill to the Abbey Church. Father Prior celebrated the Mass and Father Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius carried the Blessed Sacrament beneath the silken canopy.

—On the evening of June 8th the students of both seminaries assembled in the auditorium to offer congratulations to Father Richard Mattingly on the eve of his silver jubilee as priest. The jubilarian was celebrant of the Solemn Conventual High Mass on the following morning. For twenty-five years Father Richard has taught Latin, Greek, and English in the College.

—Final examinations over, the students left on the morning of June 13th for the summer vacation. Adios!

—For those of the community who were unable to make their annual retreat in February, the spiritual exercises, under the leadership of Dom Augustine Walsh, O. S. B., Ph. D., of St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C., began on Sunday evening, June 14th. These exercises were brought to a close on Friday morning with Solemn High Mass, Exposition, Renewal of Vows, and Benediction.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles Curran, R. D., class of '81, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New Albany, Ind., celebrated the golden jubilee of ordination on June 16th. Father Bede Maler, O. S. B., one of the venerable jubilarian's venerable professors, was present in the sanctuary as were also Father Lambert, a native of New Albany, and Father Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius.

—Among other celebrations that fell in June was the silver jubilee of the Rev. Francis Schaub, class of '06, pastor at Rushville, Ind., who celebrated with his parishioners on June 24th. Fathers Andrew and Prior represented the Abbey.

—Father Anselm, Cyril, and Placidus attended the

convention of the National Catholic Educational Association at Philadelphia, June 22-25. Father Cyril, who represented the Diocese of Indianapolis as well as St. Meinrad Seminary, read a paper on "Seminarians' Interest in Church History." For some years past Father Cyril has met with considerable success in the writing of historical essays by his class in Church History. Father Anselm also attended the convention of the National Benedictine Educational Association at St. Vincent's Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., on his way back from Philadelphia. Father Placidus has just completed a year of twelve months at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he took a course in Library Science at the University of Michigan. Fr. Placidus will now have an arduous task of cataloging and arranging the Abbey library.

—Father Albert Kleber, who is vice-postulator in the cause of beatification of the saintly Poor Clare Abbess Countess Maddalena Bentivoglio, who died a holy death at Evansville twenty-six years ago, left on June 8th for New York to set sail for Rome where he will present the findings of several ecclesiastical courts with respect to the writings of the servant of God. He will also search numerous other Italian cities in quest of further writings. Just before his departure, he received word of the serious illness of his mother, who lives in Bavaria. Humanly speaking, there is no chance for recovery. Fr. Albert plans to be back with us for the opening of school in September.

—Vacation brought with it numerous vacancies in the Abbey. Among other departures, Father Richard went to Kentland, Ind., to relieve Father Frederick Rothermel; Father Eberhard is substituting for Father Clement Bosler, who with his brother, Father Cornelius Otto, are touring Europe; F. Lawrence is replacing the latter at St. John's Church, Vincennes; Father Thomas is teaching Gregorian Chant to the Sisters of the Diocese of Wichita; Father Stephen is holding forth at St. Peter's near Brookville; Father Theodore is in charge of St. Stephen's Church, Owensboro, Ky.; Father Ildephonse has gone to Notre Dame University to continue his course for an M. A. For a similar purpose Father Jerome is attending the summer session of Fordham University, New York City. Others are giving retreats or substituting for pastors or assistants.

—The Rev. William Schaefers, College '07-'09, a brother of our Father Thomas, editor of the *Catholic Advance*, Wichita, Kansas, was the recipient on June 12th from De Paul University, Chicago, of the honorary degree of *Magister Litterarum Humaniorum* (M. L.) Father Schaefers is well and favorably known throughout the land by the "Stray Bits" that he contributes weekly to the Catholic press of the country.

—Richard Kramer, College, '21-'23, now Father Columban, O. F. M., was ordained at the Franciscan monastery at Oldenburg, Ind., in June.

—Summer heat descended upon us on June 19th. The spring season was very agreeable with just enough rain to insure fine gardens and good crops in the

fields. There seems to be an excellent stand of wheat. Harvest began in earnest on June 22. A new binder, following in the wake of an iron horse, did very effective work.

Book Notices

The Catholic Almanac and Year Book, edited by Thos. P. Hart, Ph. D., editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, is indeed a handy reference book—a handbook of useful information on things Catholic that will enlighten the Catholic and help to correct the erroneous notions of the non-Catholic. A great amount of valuable information has been crowded into 288 pages. The ordinary layman will find therein a fund of practical knowledge for everyday life. (Price, 50¢. By mail, 60¢. The States Publishing Co., Schmidt Bldg., Cincinnati, O.)

Secularism in American Education: Its History, by Burton Confrey, (The Catholic University of America Educational Research Monographs, The Catholic Education Press, 1326 Quincy St., N. E., Washington, D. C.) is a study of conditions prevalent in education today, showing the gradual exclusion of religion from the curricula. The work goes back to the founding of America to furnish us a background of the educational concepts with which the first American colonists were imbued. In the chapter of "Historical Antecedents" the author considers the Pilgrim and Puritan schools of New England, tracing their principles back to sixteenth century England. At this period religion was considered of prime importance in every school of whatever creed. There was perfect civil and religious unity—both Church and State demanded religious education. From this period, the author traces "the genesis and growth of the secular idea as revealed in constitutional provisions, statutes, and court decisions." This is effectively done in the third chapter where we find recorded "all legislative enactments pertaining to the inclusion or exclusion of phases of religious training in our schools since the beginning of our history as a nation." The various enactments of each state are grouped together so that any desired information can easily be found. This chapter is summed up in an admirable chart, brief but comprehensive. A copious bibliography follows the work. J. P.

The Father's Curse, by the Rev. A. M. Grussi, is an historical romance of the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, portraying the difficulties under which Catholics practiced their religion during the troublous times of the English Reformation. The setting is first near Scarborough on the north-eastern coast of England, later in an American colony on Roanoke Island. While his book is replete with interesting episodes, the author does not seem to have the style of a novelist. He narrates indeed what happens, but simple narration does not make a novel interesting. The dialogue, particularly, is not natural. The story is based throughout on historical facts and will make interesting reading. (Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.00) J. P.

The Story of The Pilgrim Fathers, by Albert V. Lally, is a pleasing little essay of fifty pages, giving as briefly as can be given, the causes of the Pilgrims' coming to America and the difficulties they encountered. There is, of course, nothing new in the story. It is meant for children who might be persuaded to read with interest what is here given as a "story," while they might regard the same account when told in their history books as dry and uninteresting. (Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50.) J. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XII—HER FIRST POSITION

MRS. Gallagher was seated on the front-porch rocker when Mr. Walker stopped his glittering, cream, chromium-trimmed sport roadster before the house, and Madeline stepped out. It was a warm, pleasant, spring evening, and Madeline's companion would have liked to alight and come up on the porch to talk awhile, but seeing Mrs. Gallagher's ample figure rocking to and fro, he thought better of it.

"Well, I'll be seeing you," he said, making her a salute with his hand. Madeline thanked him and turned to run lightly up the stairs.

"Hm, it's a mighty kind boss you seem to be gittin'," commented the landlady, with veiled irony.

"Oh, Mrs. Gallagher, I'm so happy; he is a wonderful man to work for. He says that if I do my work well and please him, he will promote me rapidly. Oh, I can't wait until morning to begin my new work. It is all going to be so interesting!"

"Hm, I dare say, especially with a nice, young, good-looking fellow like that around. I'll say he works fast."

"Fast? I don't understand."

"You will, soon enough. Watch yer step, my girl. You're new to the city, and them there smooth kind can get you into a heap o' trouble if you don't watch out."

"Trouble?"

"You bet; you don't want to be acceptin' rides from men you don't know more'n a day. Take it from me, girlie; I know what I'm talkin' about."

"Oh, but we spoke strictly on business matters, and he merely took me home because it was getting dark, and I was afraid I might lose my way, being unfamiliar with the streets and all."

"Well, you're lucky he took you straight home. Let a boss be a boss and nothing more. Be strictly business with him, and don't admit of no tomfoolery. I don't believe in these gallivantin', philanderin' bosses. Why, who knows but he might have a wife an' seven kids?" Madeline broke out into a peal of silvery laughter. The idea seemed just too absurd:

"Why, Mrs. Gallagher!" she cried. "He doesn't

look a day over twenty-five. That couldn't be possible!"

"Stranger things have happened. But I'm just warnin' you."

"Why, there was no one at his apartment but himself and the butler."

"Of course not; think he's going to show you his wife and kids, if he has other schemes in his head?"

"Well, never fear; I'll be on my guard. But I don't think he's that kind of a man at all. He seems too well-bred." Mrs. Gallagher nodded knowingly.

"They know how to lay it on, child. But I'm just tellin' you; always be as slippery as an eel."

"Thank you; I think I get what you mean. Now, I must go to sleep so I'll be bright and chipper in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, my dear."

Madeline was scarcely able to sleep that night for joy over her rosy prospects. She had determined to be very dignified and attend strictly to business, so that anyone might see that she was not just a foolish "flapper" looking merely for a good time, but a real, honest-to-goodness business girl, bent on gaining the highest niche the commercial world had to offer to those who applied themselves diligently.

Morning saw her up early, and she was at the door of Darlington's twenty minutes before opening time. When the doors finally were unlocked, admitting some seven or eight early arrivals like herself, she realized that she had not asked Mr. Walker where to report. Well, she would go straight up to his office. The janitress was still dusting the furniture when she entered, and she waited a half hour by the clock on the wall before the stenographers began coming. They eyed her critically and then spoke in low tones to each other. A few minutes later, Mr. Walker himself arrived.

"Oh, why, good morning; been waiting long?" he greeted, taking off his hat and gloves, and hanging his cane upon a hall tree.

"About a half hour," she replied demurely.

"Yes; well, now, I'll have to see Miss Moreland, the head of the chinaware department." He unlocked his desk drawers, took out various papers, and was occupied some ten minutes in looking over, signing and checking some of them. "By the way," he commented, "I meant to tell you that all the girls here

wear black dresses with white collar and cuffs. Have you such a costume?"

"I have two black dresses, sir, but I don't know if their style will please you. They were made awhile back."

"Well—ah, perhaps I'd better outfit you with something in the store here. You see, the rules are, no colored dresses." Madeline felt uneasy.

"Oh, but—I don't know whether I can go to the expense of a new dress just now. You see—I—" But Mr. Walker waved her aside.

"Don't let that bother you, Miss Madeline. Just come with me, please. We'll arrange things so there will be no strain on your purse."

"Thank you," she replied, following him. They took the elevator to the eighth floor, which was elegantly fitted out with thick carpets, gilt chairs, and full-length mirrors, and salesladies attired in very correct black crepe or georgette, and wearing the airs of duchesses. One of them, seeing Mr. Walker, came bowing and smiling toward them.

"Good morning; what can we do for you, sir?"

"Oh, is Miss Morningside here?"

"Yes; right over there. See her?"

"Thank you. Yes." Miss Morningside was the superintendent of the Garment Salon. Mr. Walker took her aside.

"Er, Elise—I want you to give this young lady something very special in a black frock—something exclusive, you understand—price doesn't matter. Get what I mean?"

"I do, Archie. How high do you aim to go—or is she paying?"

"She's a special friend of mine, Elise. Give her something good—not less than fifty at least."

"Another new flame, eh? What's happened to Geraldine and Annette?"

"Gone sour on me. But this one isn't likely to; perfectly unsophisticated; fresh from the country." Miss Morningside made a face.

"City girls are too wise these days, eh?"

"Little demanders, Elise; little demanders. Well, you'll fit her out then? Send her back down to my office when she's accoutered. And mind, if she asks any prices, give her low ones, like \$5, \$4.89, \$2.87, etc. Get me?" Miss Morningside narrowed her eyes and smiled.

"I do perfectly, Archie."

A little later, a transformed Madeline stood before Mr. Walker's desk. She looked very beautiful in the black silk crepe with point d'esprit collar and cuffs, and she was glad she had worn her best slippers instead of her old ones as she had nearly done that morning.

"Well!" cried Mr. Walker, rising and appraising her from head to foot. "Now you look like something. I've seen Miss Moreland, and she is waiting for you. So we'll go right down."

"Oh, just a minute, Mr. Walker. Miss Morningside said this dress was only \$3.89, and I have \$5 with me, so I can pay you right away for this lovely outfit. Here

you are." Mr. Walker was a little taken aback by such promptness, but he recovered himself quickly.

"Oh, ah—well, you needn't be in a hurry about it. A month from now, if you like—until you have received your salary at least."

"That will be all right, Mr. Walker. Just take it. As long as I have a job now; I'll be getting my money Saturday, won't I?"

"Certainly, but there is no rush about paying me." But Madeline insisted, so he took it, and made change from his pocket.

"I wanted to pay the saleslady, but she said working dresses must go through your office."

"Yes; yes, she was quite right." Mr. Archie was mentally thanking Elise for her tact. So they went down to the second floor, half of which was devoted to a wonderful display of porcelain ware of every conceivable kind. Madeline was delighted.

"I know I'm going to love selling such beautiful china," she remarked.

"Yes; it is very pleasing work," he replied. "Oh, Miss Moreland, here is the new girl. Well, I'll be leaving you, Miss Madeline."

"Good-bye, and thank you so much!" Miss Moreland, a rather hard-faced woman, cast a disapproving look at Mr. Walker's retreating figure, and beckoned to Madeline.

"Come this way, please." She led the way to a desk in the corner, where, from a drawer, she extracted an order book and pencil, which she handed to Madeline and explained its use. Then she took her to the particular counter which she was to serve. It was a long, shelved affair, on which plates and cups and bowls and countless other pieces were pleasingly arranged. Between the counters, in the wide aisles, were round tables, covered with beautiful damask tablecloths, and set with exquisite ware, china, silver, and glass, as if for dinner. Madeline took up her post here, and as it was rather early, and no shoppers yet about, she walked all around her particular counter and admired the beautiful articles to her heart's content. By and by she became aware of a murmur on the other side of it; the words grew louder, and she began to distinguish them.

"Yeah, look at her standing around giving the place the once over, while we have to do the work. I'm goin' over an' tell 'er." And the girl, grasping a dusting cloth, came toward Madeline with a determined look in her face.

"Here, beautiful, get busy," she advised, handing Madeline the cloth.

"Why—what am I supposed to do?" she asked, bewildered.

"Do! Didn't Miss Moreland tell ya?"

"Why no; she just told me how to make out the tickets when I sell something."

"She's got a nerve; get busy here an' dust like the rest of us. Every morning we gotta dust every single piece of china and glassware in the place, an' it's gotta be done before the customers get here. Get me?"

"I see; I'm very sorry, but I didn't know anything

about it." And she gave the girl a sweet, ungrudging smile. This melted the ice.

"So you're the new girl that's takin' Geraldine Plummer's place?"

"I don't know whose place I'm taking, but I'm mighty glad to get the job," replied Madeline, smiling again. "You see, I'm from Turnerville, and I was afraid I'd have an awful hard time getting started, the way things looked the first day."

"How long was ya lookin' for a job?"

"One day, and I thought I hadn't found anything, but in the evening Mr. Walker called me up—" The girl's eyes opened wide.

"Oh! I see. Well, you didn't have to look long; I was out three months before I got this job, and I had to wait nearly all that time to get it. Not that I didn't look for others on the side."

"Oh, that must have been terrible. I don't know what I would do if I were out that long. I didn't have much money, and I just had to find something."

"Hm! one day! an' then Walker called you, eh? I was on the waiting list nearly two months, an' I know several girls that are on right now. He shoulda give them a chance first. I don't think that's fair." The girl was nothing if not outspoken.

"Is that so? Well, I'm sorry; but I told Mr. Walker the conditions, and seeing I didn't have any folks with whom I might stay if my money gave out, I suppose he rushed matters up, in order to help me." The girl nodded.

"I see; no folks or nothin'. Yes, that accounts for it." But she had a totally different meaning to that which Madeline put upon her words. "Well, all I got to say is that he gave Geraldine Plummer a rotten deal. She was one of our best salesladies, and because she wouldn't—" Here Miss Moreland was seen approaching, and the girl hastened to her own side, while everybody was industrious with dust cloths. Miss Moreland smiled slightly.

"I see; Daisy's been giving you instructions as to your duties. Mr. Walker didn't want you to dust, but I guess it's just as well." And she walked away. Daisy had had her ears cocked on the other side; she nudged her companion in the ribs with her elbow.

"Hear that? Walker didn't want her to dust. The noo favorite. I'd like to put her wise, the poor idiot. Did ye see the swell dress she had on? And she was complainin' about not havin' much money."

"Maybe she bought it before she came here."

"I gotta know; I'm gonna ask her." And looking on all sides to see if the coast was clear, she slipped around to Madeline's side again.

"Say, that's a peach of a dress you got on. How much did it set you back?" Madeline was pleased that she liked it.

"I'm glad you like it," she replied. "I paid \$3.89 for it on the eighth floor. I was surprised at the low prices up there. Nothing above five dollars."

"Huh?" gasped Daisy, who knew the eighth floor prices. But then she restrained herself. "Say! I'd like to get one at that price. Swell piece of material

in it." And she felt of the crepe with her thumb and forefinger.

"Why don't you go up there? I didn't know which to choose; one was lovelier than the other." Daisy put her tongue into her cheek. She ran around the counter to hide her merriment, and when she reached the other side, burst into uncontrollable, but restrained laughter.

"What's up?" asked Myra, her companion.

"The little fool! She's wearing a \$50 dress and thinks it's \$3.89! That's good. No wonder Walker fell for her; it will be a circus to watch the goings-on." Meanwhile, Miss Moreland was grumbling to another floor superintendent that just as she gets a girl well trained, Mr. Walker fires her; that she was tired training new girls; she would also like to complain higher up about Walker's doings, but one must be careful, you know, since he did all the hiring and firing, etc.

A week passed. Mr. Walker came down once or twice a day to see how Madeline was doing, and received glowing reports of her industry and attention to business. One day he asked her to go to lunch with him, and she accepted. But when she returned, she was the target for all of Daisy's and Myra's veiled innuendoes and contemptuous sarcasms. It pained her, for she wanted to be pleasant and agreeable to everyone, but it seemed, everyone had a queer look in their eyes if she addressed them, and all answered her curtly. What was the meaning of it? Even Miss Moreland's eyes were growing hostile, but no one could find fault with her work; in fact, she had more sales to her credit at the end of each week, than any of the other girls, a fact which did not raise her in their private estimation, because it reflected upon them. Then Mr. Walker invited her one day to dinner in the evening and a show afterwards. Daisy had overheard his opening words:

"Ah, what are you doing this evening?" Then she hid and waited until Walker was gone. "Hm, stepping out to-night, are you?" she came, asking pleasantly, because she wished to know more.

"Oh, why yes; Mr. Walker is so kind. He realizes that I am a stranger here, and tries to make it less lonely for me. He is taking me to dinner and a show."

"Well! How lovely!" mocked Daisy. "I'm sorry I'm not a country girl. I don't get any attention at all. Were you—ah, ever at his apartment?" she asked slyly.

"Oh, yes; he phoned me to come up there the night he hired me. It was too late to come up to the store." Daisy raised her eyebrows.

"Well, that was kind of him."

"He insisted that I dine with him too, although I had already eaten."

"You don't say!" Then hastening back to her place, she reported to Myra all that was said. "I've a mind to put the dumb bird wise," she said.

"Hmph!" replied Myra. "Why should you? It's not her funeral." That evening when Madeline returned to her boarding house, she found a flat card-

board box in her room. "It came this afternoon," said Mrs. Gallagher, upon inquiry. She cut the string and folded back the tissue: It was a lovely pink chiffon evening gown!

(To be continued)

Entertain in the Park

Now that the scorching days are coming on, one thinks with distaste of entertaining one's bridge club indoors. All the outdoors is calling, and perhaps you have no long veranda where the card tables may be set up, or a shaded garden at the side or back of the house, but there are many parks which may be used as a great, outdoor living room, where the bridge club may be entertained, and enjoy a cool, refreshing afternoon instead of sweltering and roasting in the house.

It is a simple matter to transport the folding card tables and chairs to a delectable spot beneath the trees, in the park nearest one's home. The luncheon may be prepared just as for a basket picnic, and iced or hot drinks brought along in thermos jugs. Two or three trips in the car ought to be sufficient to bring out everything that is needed, and some friend or relative will always be willing to remain out at the park with the paraphernalia, while you make another trip home.

Even ice cream may be brought, packed, as some companies put it out, in "dry ice," which will keep the cream stiff for many hours. It is no more trouble than going out for the usual all-day picnic, except that this is just for the afternoon, but the delight you will afford your guests will far overbalance the little extra trouble you may have in transporting the needed articles. It may also be a much-needed fresh-air outing for yourself, tied down with endless household duties, and tempted, at a home bridge party, to make a burnt offering of yourself at the kitchen stove, preparing fancy and intricate foods.

The tallies may match the spirit of the outdoors, and may be selected with forest or garden scenes, or cut in the shape of various leaves—maple, sycamore, oak, elm, etc. If you are clever with the brush, you may make these yourself, using real leaves for your models, and cutting them out, with an extra leaf beneath for the score.

The Summer Wedding

Most every girl would like to have a summer wedding, when all the outdoors is smiling with her, and rejoicing over her happiness. Of course, every Catholic girl wants a nice church wedding, because it is an event which she will want to remember for the rest of her days, and since Holy Mother Church will not countenance any other kind, she may as well have everything as lovely as possible. White satin, is, of course, the "ultra" material for a bride's dress, but chiffon and taffeta may be substituted equally as well, and in the case where the affair will be a very simple one, even white organdie or silk voile will make up beautifully. There must, of course, be orange blossoms to fasten the veil with, and one must look up the prevailing fashion in wearing the veil, as these are con-

stantly changing. However, nothing can improve upon the cap-shape headdress, the veil edged with silk lace, ruffled about the face, which makes it sweet and softly alluring, the orange blossoms in two small bunches tied with narrow white satin ribbon, and pinned, one at each side of the head. When orange blossoms cannot be obtained, lilies of the valley are just as lovely.

The bridal bouquet is sent by the groom, and may be composed of white roses, lilies of the valley, lilies, daisies, or any other white flower preferred. The costumes of the bride's attendants are planned by the bride herself in every detail, and their bouquets are sent by the bride or her parents, and must harmonize with their dresses. The groom and his attendant wear a morning coat, black cutaway vest to match the coat, and dark striped trousers.

It is the custom now for bride and groom to receive Holy Communion on their wedding day, (years ago they received on the Sunday preceding the wedding) so by the time Mass is out, it is likely to be 10:00 or 10:30 before the bridal party reach home. It is called the wedding breakfast, but being so late in the morning, more substantial luncheon dishes are usually served. A breakfast served at tables, with all the guests seated, is likely to entail a good deal of trouble for the busy mother, if she has no help.

A good way is to seat only the immediate bridal party—the bride, groom, and their attendants, and the pastor also, as it is usually the custom to invite him—at one table. The other guests are served a buffet luncheon. The bride and her party are most appropriately in one room, while the buffet luncheon is served in another. A large table is set with cloth, plates, cups and saucers piled up and used as needed, and the luncheon set out in bowls and platters, and the guests help themselves. This saves much work, where there are no servants.

The wedding gifts may be shown in still another room, placed upon a table, so that the guests may view them. Where there is a second floor, the gifts are placed on display upstairs. The bride should acknowledge each gift within a week of her wedding with a personal letter of thanks.

Care of the Hair

Now that ladies bob their hair, one no longer sees women with thin, scraggly hair which it would be impossible to fix up becomingly, as one did years ago when hair was worn long. Bobbing is one of the most sanitary things that could have happened to women's hair. Frequent cutting causes the hair to become thick and luxuriant, while, being short permits the air to get at the scalp better than when all sorts of rats and puffs and heavy rolls and "water falls" were superinduced upon the top of the head, causing it literally to smother to death. Another beneficial habit women have picked up is, to carry their hats in spring and summer instead of wearing them. This custom was first begun by women who were afraid to muss their "wave," but nothing could be more beneficial than for the sun and air to come freely in contact with

the hair and scalp, and many doctors recommend sun baths for the hair.

Bobbed hair has brought on more frequent washing, an operation which was usually dreaded by those having very long, heavy hair. But there is nothing like cleanliness for a healthy scalp; too long a time between washings brings on dandruff, which, in time, causes hair to fall out and become thin. But too frequent washing, coupled with the constant application of hot curling irons, will make the hair dry and brittle. Each person must judge for herself, according to the oiliness of the scalp. Once a week is usually right for the normal person; but if the once-a-week hair wash seems to make it too dry, then wash it every two weeks.

Dry, itching scalps can usually be remedied by an application of eau de quinine once or twice a week between washings. It may take several weeks to correct the condition, but simple remedies are best. Dyes and bleaches in time ruin healthy hair, and waving should be done with combs or the aluminum curlers in preference to hot irons.

Household Hints

Place your left-over soap scraps in a small bag and use for dish-washing; or throw it into the washing machine and it will help to make suds; or if you wish to boil out something during the week, place it in the pan with the article to be boiled and no other soap is needed.

If you have a kitchen garbage can, save the large brown paper bags you receive from the grocer's, cut them in half, and they fit exactly in the inner container of the can. This can be lifted out and the can is always clean.

Cut light-colored cotton stockings down the center and sew together; they make fine, absorbent cleaning cloths for many uses.

In cleaning your pictures during the spring house cleaning, have a bottle of gilt on hand, and touch up the frames where the gilt is worn off or pieces broken off.

Cut round pieces of felt or inner tubing and glue to the back chair legs where these must rest on the hardwood floor. This prevents scratching of the floor.

Recipes

STUFFED TOMATOES: Take any left-over meat and grind it; remove centers from tomatoes, peel, sprinkle with salt, and set on ice to chill. To the meat add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, half a dozen chopped radishes, half a cup of lemon juice and the centers of three tomatoes, chopped. Mix with mayonnaise or French dressing, fill tomatoes and pour a spoonful of the dressing on top. Set on lettuce and garnish with stuffed olives.

BUTTERED MACARONI: A good dish to serve with the above recipe: Boil a package of macaroni, drain, and place in baking dish. Dot it all over with lumps of butter and spread with grated cheese. Place in oven just long enough to melt the butter and cheese and serve.

Our Flag

FRANK M. CLARE

Wave in glory, stripes and stars,
Jeweled blue and crimson bars.

May you ever wave and be
Symbol of sweet liberty!

God will bless our home and land
If we keep a righteous stand.

But if ours in time exceeds
Other lands in evil deeds,

It will, weakened, lose its hold—
As the nations did of old.

Righteousness must ever be
Power and shield of liberty.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 136)

"On another Sunday, besides his regular Sunday duties, he had two marriages, and two papooses to baptize. Business is picking up, you will say—he came home with 36 cents that day! And he had to travel 14 miles to get them! As a rule, an Indian gladly gives if he has anything. The congregation is supposed to support its priest, but in our case, the priest has to support the congregation."

(To be continued)

THOSE WHO SENT TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, PRAYER BOOKS, ETC.

S. Maher, Mont Clair, N. J.; Mrs. M. McNamara, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. A. Scheiman, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. McGraw, Jamaica, N. Y.; Margaret Fitzgerald, Gypsum, Kans.; J. Chamberlain, Binghamton, N. Y.; Marg. Cunningham, Rye, N. Y.; M. L. Schmidt, Ashland, Ky.; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Jas. Gilligan, E. Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. T. Stallboris, Hanover, Kans.; Mrs. F. Lawson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. K. Eager, E. Orange, N. J.; Donor, N. Y. C.; Mrs. G. W. Smith, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. Steffens, Glendale, L. I.; Mrs. E. McGill, N. Y. C.; Miss Marg. Delaney, N. Y. C.; S. Salamon, Sewickly, Pa.; Miss Breyer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Delia Nowak, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Stubenrauch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence McCarthy, Dorchester, Mass.; M. E. Mooney, Bangor, Me.; Mrs. Jos. Ganz, Phila., Pa.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Beautiful handbags, beaded buckskin, \$3, \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.25. Necklaces, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. War club, beaded handle, stone head, \$2.00. Moccasins, adult, \$3.00 (give length in inches). Children's \$1.50. Babies' 75c. Dolls' 25c. Solid beaded head-band, \$2.00. Embroidery: Child's white rompers, embroidered, 3-year-old size, \$1.00. Dresser Scarves, \$2.00. Cushion tops, fringed and backed, 50c. Tea towels, 25c each. Emb. table cloth and six napkins, 56-inch, \$4.00. 36-inch luncheon cloth with 4 napkins, \$2.00. Tea aprons, 50c. Fancy handkerchiefs, 25c. Hand-painted black silk crepe scarf, \$1.00 (with fringe). Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H.—“Well, Mr. Rackham, have you found out how many teeth a person has?”

Mr. R.—“I did, and I found out a lot more than that. It was in the children's books all the time but I never thought of looking.

Dr. H.—“Tell us some of the things you found out, Mr. Rackham.”

Mr. R.—“In the first place, this first set of ‘milk teeth’ is not expected to stay with a person. They fall out at six or seven, and there are only twenty of them anyway, but when the second teeth come, they are supposed to last a lifetime and there are thirty-two of them.”

Dr. H.—“You surely have gotten a lot of information this morning.”

Mr. R.—“Yes, and I know more than that. The book says the two front teeth in the under jaw comes first, and it's right, for I remember when the children's teeth came, it was always the under ones first. They start coming in at about six or seven months.

Dr. H.—“How old is the child when the first teeth begin to fall?”

Mr. R.—“They do be about six or seven.”

Dr. H.—“I am just astonished at how much you know about teeth, and I am wondering if some of the women have not got something to tell us.”

Mrs. Carey—“We could tell just as much as Rackham, if we were runnin' round for a month with one of the children's school books under our arm. But I wonder if Rackham could tell us when the first molar comes.”

Dr. H.—“Good for you, Mrs. Carey. That is something that is worth talking about. That first molar carries a lesson with it that I want you all to know. Any dentist will tell you that this tooth is the one that is lost earliest, and there is a good reason. It comes in just about the time that the milk teeth begin to fall. In fact it is often called the sixth year molar. The mother thinks it too early to teach the child to brush its teeth. If she does notice that this tooth is beginning to decay she mistakes it for one of the milk teeth and thinks it will soon drop out anyway, so the dentist seldom sees it until it is beyond repair.”

Mr. R.—“Now I know what you meant when you said we should know our teeth and even their names. Everybody ought to know about these first molars. I can tell you the names of all the teeth. There are only eight to learn, for they are the same on both sides and the same in the upper and lower jaw. On the right side there are two incisors, one canine, two bicuspid, and three molars, and the last molar is called the wisdom tooth.”

Dr. H.—“Good for you! I am sure Mrs. Carey can not beat that, though she did know about the first molar.”

Mrs. C.—“I can tell something just as hard. I can

tell about how the permanent teeth come in. First is the sixth-year molar, then in about six months comes the two incisors—the lower ones first. It will be nearly a year before the lateral incisors come. The next to appear is the first bicuspid, and it will be another year before the second bicuspid comes. Now there is a space left just back of the lateral incisor for the canine. I used to call it the eyetooth, but it seems it is the canine. It does not come till the child is eleven or twelve, and that is the reason it is so often crooked and crowded. At twelve or thirteen the second molar comes, and after that the wisdom tooth or third molar, and that may not come till a person is in his twenties. I got my own after I was married.”

Dr. H.—“Well, Mrs. Carey, I am delighted with your knowledge. How did you get all this information?”

Mrs. C.—“Well, my Mary had to get a brace on her teeth. Her canines are so crowded, and the dentist tell me about the teeth when I bring her to his office.”

Mr. R.—“It's easy enough learning anything. I think I know as much about teeth as many a doctor, and I'd like to go out and tell everybody what I know.”

Dr. H.—“Well, you might try that, but I have grave doubts about how far you would get. Now we will take a look at this tooth. It is a molar, for it has three roots. The parts we can see when it is in the mouth is called the crown. In the center is the pulp in which are hidden little blood vessels and nerves. The crown is made of ivory, covered with hard, shining enamel, and the substance from which both the enamel, and the ivory is made is very largely lime. There are always little spaces about the teeth where remnants of food can hide themselves. These food particles are broken up by germs and in the process acid is formed—very often lactic acid, and wherever lactic acid comes in contact with lime it dissolves it. The enamel softens, disappears in spots, the ivory is next attacked. By this time there is quite a little nest for food particles. That means more acid. That means more decay. At last the sensitive pulp in the tooth has very little protection. It begins to protest. Its protest is pain—toothache. A cold drink, a hot drink, an acid, a sweet, irritates it. The pain shrieks louder and louder, but we do not listen. At last the pain ceases, for the tooth has been destroyed beyond repair.”

Mr. R.—“But, Doctor, why weren't we told about these things before?”

Dr. H.—“You did not want to learn. Just now you wanted to fight the school nurse who was trying to teach you about it.”

Mr. R.—“Well, Doctor, we don't want anyone teaching us. We just want to be told. Do you think a dentist could stop the decay if he saw the child early?”

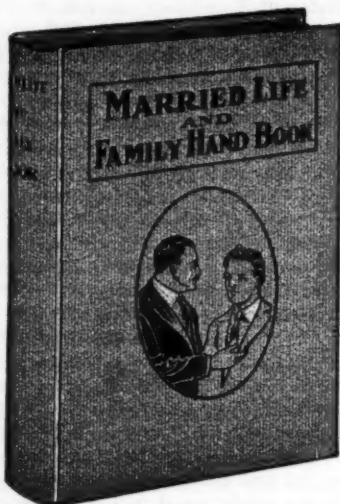
Dr. H.—“He certainly could, and he could also give advice for future care that, if followed, would save many teeth.”

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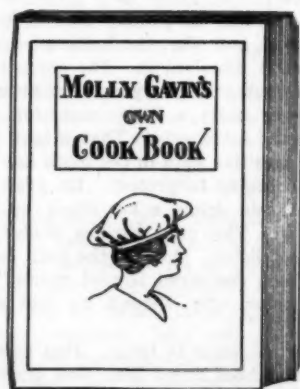
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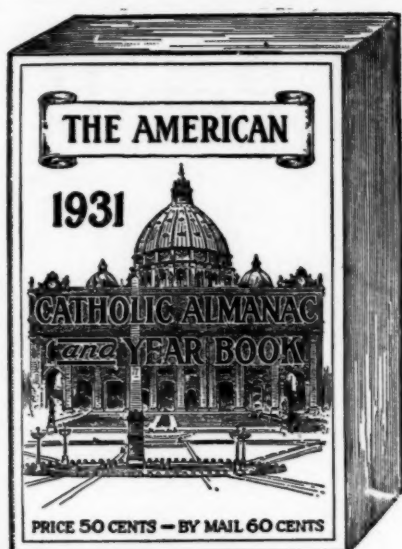
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